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The Golden Harp ;

OR,


CAMP-MEETING HYMNS,
OLD AND NEW.

Set to Music.

✓
SELECTED BY G. W. HENRY,
AUTHOR OF "EGYPT, TWILIGHT, AND REULAH."

And he hath put a new song in my mouth.—Psa. xl, 8.

AUBURN:
WILLIAM J. MOSES.
1856.



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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

A MIXTURE of joy and trouble I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in a valley sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagle's wings I fly,
I rise above old Pisgah, and almost reach the sky.

Sometimes I am a doubting, and think I have no
grace ;

Sometimes I am a shouting, and Bethel is the place ;
Sometimes my hope's so little I think I'll throw it by ;
Sometimes it is sufficient, if I were call'd to die.

Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear he'll talk to
me ;

Sometimes he is the neighbour I long the most to
see ;

Sometimes we meet together, the season's dry and
dull ;

Sometimes we find a blessing, with joy it fills my soul.

Sometimes I am oppress'd by Pharaoh's cruel hand ;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan, and view the prom-
ised land ;

Sometimes I am in darkness, sometimes I'm in the
light ;

Sometimes my soul takes wings of faith, and then I
speed my flight.

Sometimes I go a mourning down Babylon's cold
stream ;
 Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to be my
theme ;
 Sometimes when I am praying, it seems almost a
task ;
 Sometimes I find a blessing, the greatest I can ask.
 Sometimes I read my Bible, and 'tis a sealèd book ;
 Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do look ;
 Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish myself at
home ;
 Sometimes I meet my Jesus, and then I'm glad I
come.

Lord, why am I thus tossèd, thus tossèd to and fro ?
 Why are my hopes thus crossèd wherever I do go ?
 O Lord, thou never changest, but 't is because I stray ;
 Lord, grant me thine assistance, and keep me in thy
way.

THE MEAL AND CRUSE OF OIL.

By the poor widow's oil and meal
 Elijah was sustain'd ;
 Though small the stock, it lasted well,
 For God the store maintain'd.

It seem'd as if from day to day,
 They were to eat and die ;
 But still, though in a secret way,
 He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to his poor he still will give
 Just for the present hour ;
 But, for to-morrow, they must live
 Upon his word and power.

No barn or storehouse they possess
On which they can depend,
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

Then let not doubts your mind assail;
Remember, God has said,
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."

And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 't is but ask and have.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD, IN A DIALOGUE.

WHAT poor despisèd company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why that's the way their Leader trod—
They love and keep His ways.

Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

What ! is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God—
None other can be found.

A WARNING TO SINNERS.

WHEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon this fellow clay,
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God ! what shall I say ?

My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe ;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God does not speak too.

O ! sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril do n't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.

Now is the time, the accepted hour,
O ! sinners, come away ;
The Saviour 's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.

O ! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?

O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye ?

But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

No yearning bowels—pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say Amen
When Christ bids you depart.

Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again
When wrapt in keen despair.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR?

Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?

O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

He was extended! he was extended!
Painfully nailed to the cross;
O! he bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified God's dear Son.

Darkness prevailèd! darkness prevailèd!
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
When His Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

When it was finish'd—when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd with spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.

Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
The Prince and Author of Peace!
O! he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

There interceding—there interceding!
Pleading that sinners may live—
Crying, “Father, I have died!
O, behold my hands, my side!
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive.”

“I will forgive them! I will forgive them!
If they’ll repent and believe;
Let them now come unto thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.”

SCEPTIC, SPARE THAT BOOK!

SCEPTIC, spare that Book!
Touch not a single leaf!
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief;
’T was my forefathers’ stay
In the hour of agony;
Sceptic, go thy way,
And let that old Book be!

That good old Book of Life
For centuries has stood
Unharm’d, amid the strife,
When the earth was drunk with blood:
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot?
Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not!

Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When, in my grandsire’s halls,
I heard its tales of truth:

I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read ;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy—
 I've seen her eye of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy ;
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me :
 Sceptic, forego thy will ;
 Go, let that old Book be !



THE GOSPEL STEAMER.

I RECEIVED a gospel letter,
 From glory lately come,
 That my passage over Jordan
 Was purchased by the Lamb.

CHORUS.—Yes, we'll land on Canaan's shore ;
 O, he'll land us on the shore ;
 Yes, we'll land on Canaan's shore,
 And be safe forever more.

I step'd on board the steamer
 Constructed by the Lord—
 Prepared to sail that very day
 He spill'd his precious blood :

Her bulwarks are of love divine—
 My Saviour is the door ;
 Our garments are of linen fine,
 Both lovely, white and pure.

Against both wind and weather
This glorious steamboat sails—
The Holy Spirit driveth her
With sweet and pleasant gales.

O, we have a band of music,
That charmeth us along—
This tune we play along the way,
“Come, sinners, join the song.”

I took my gospel telescope
To view the promised land—
On the other side of Jordan
I saw the precious Lamb.

When I set out for glory
I had Jesus in my view—
But now I have him in my heart,
And glory I'll pursue.

And when we reach that happy land
All heaven will rejoice ;
For the lovely name of Jesus
Shall sound from every voice.

We'll stand upon the sea of glass,
All mingled too with fire—
And there we'll all shout victory,
And join the heavenly choir.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
And the sun's fading beams shone dim in the west,
O'er fields, by the moonlight, to a lonely glade,
In deep meditation I wandering stray'd.

While passing a garden a sound struck my ear,
A voice faint and falt'ring from one that was near;
The voice of a mourner affected my heart,
One pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

In off'ring to Heaven his agonized prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeem'd, in glory might live.

I listen'd a moment, then turn'd to see
What Man of Compassion this stranger could be;
When, lo! I discover'd, knelt on the cold earth,
The loveliest being that ever had birth.

His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks, by the moonlight, were glist'ning and
 bright;
His tear-bedimm'd eyes towards heaven were raised,
While angels, in wonder, stood round him amazed.

So deep was his sorrow, so fervent he pray'd,
That blood from each pore with sweat mingled and
 stray'd :

I wept to behold him, and ask'd him his name;
He answer'd, "'T is Jesus!—from heaven I came.

"I am thy Redeemer—for thee I must die:
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow, to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

I trembled with terror, and loudly did cry,
 "Lord! save a poor sinner?—O save, or I die!"
 He cast his eyes on me, and whisperèd, "Live!
 Thy sins which are many I freely forgive!"

How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
 His smiles, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
 I fled from the garden to spread it abroad;
 I shouted "Salvation!—O glory to God!"

I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
 My soul's full of glory, of peace, light and love;
 I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears
 Of that loving stranger who banish'd my fears.

The day of bright glory is rolling around,
 When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound—
 My soul then in raptures of glory will rise
 To gaze on the stranger with unclouded eyes.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

THE Son of Man they did betray,
 He was condemn'd and led away!
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day—
 Look on Mount Calvary!
 Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accusèd by each lying tongue,
 As then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree!

'T was thus the glorious suff'rer stood;
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain:

His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd
And laughèd at his pain.

Now, hung between the earth and skies,
Behold ! in agony he dies !
O, sinners, hear his mournful cries,
See his tormenting pains !
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight ;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

Hark ! men and angels, hear the Son !
He cries for help—but O, there 's none ;
He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood :
In lamentation hear him cry
“ Eloi, lama sabachthani ! ”
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount up to the skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

The Jews and Romans, in a band,
With hearts like steel, around him stand,
And mocking, say, “ Come, save the land ;
Come, try thyself to free ! ”
A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side—
And thus our Lord was crucified ;
Stern justice then was satisfied,
Sinner, for you and me !

Behold, he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions, bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas tell
How he endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster death in chains ;
While seraphs raise their loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains—
Christ conquer'd death and hell.

'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid—
The great atonement now is made !
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood :
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
The height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ, your smiling God.

All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die—
Glory to him be given !
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing, his grace abounds :
And there we'll shout eternal rounds,
In glowing love that knows no bounds,
When carried up to heaven.

THE HEAVENLY PILGRIM.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way—
Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day ;

Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne—
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone;

He, whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole:
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love, and joy, and peace, forever
Reign and triumph in the breast;
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high!
There, on golden harps, forever
Sound redemption through the sky!

There, a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain—
As they sing immortal praises,
Glory, glory, is their strain:

But, methinks, a sweeter concert
 Makes the heavenly arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion
 Which the angels cannot sing.

O, their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarchs never wore;
 They are gone to richer pastures—
 Jesus is their Shepherd there:
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
 Death no more shall make you fear;
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

THE WEARY AT REST.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly
 soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow
 is unknown;
 From the burden of the flesh, and from care and
 fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne
 the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
 his blest abode;
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon our Fa-
 ther's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee more, nor doubt thy faith
assail,

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy
Spirit fail ;

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on
earth thou lovedst best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,” the man of
God hath said,

So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy
narrow bed ;

But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faith-
ful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou
hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome
find !

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious
guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest !

HERE IS A BAND OF BRETHREN DEAR.

HERE is a band of brethren dear—

I will be in this band, hallelujah ;

Their leader tells them not to fear—

I will be in this band, hallelujah ;

I will be in this band, hallelujah.

As I was walking out one day,

And thinking about this good old way,

There was a voice which reach'd my soul :
 "Fear not; I make the wounded whole."

My dungeon shook, my chains fell off—
 My soul, unfetter'd, went aloft.

I little thought he was so nigh—
 He spoke and made me laugh and cry.

Now, bless the Lord! for I can tell,
 That Jesus has done all things well.

O, shout on, children! shout, ye're free!
 For Christ has bought your liberty!

O, bless the Lord! we need not fear,
 Nor o'er our trials shed a tear.

MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM.

My brother, will you meet me
 On that delightful shore?
 My brother, will you meet me
 Where parting is no more?

CHORUS.—Then we'll march around Jerusalem,
 We'll march around Jerusalem,
 We'll march around Jerusalem,
 When we arrive at home.

O sister, will you meet me
 On that delightful shore?
 O sister, will you meet me
 Where parting is no more?

O leader, will you meet me
 On that delightful shore?

O leader, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

O preacher, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

O preacher, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

O classmate, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

O classmate, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

Young convert, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

Young convert, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

O mourner, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

O mourner, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

Backslider, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

Backslider, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

O sinner, will you meet me
On that delightful shore ?

O sinner, will you meet me
Where parting is no more ?

Yes, bless the Lord ! I'll meet you
On that delightful shore ;

Yes, bless the Lord ! I'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

DIES IRÆ.

The following is an excellent translation of a Latin poem, which has received the enthusiastic encomiums of Goethe, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished men. It is said that Dr. Johnson always wept in reading the tenth stanza. The Earl of Roscommon expired with the seventeenth verse upon his lips. The original was written by a monk, in the thirteenth century. We find the translation in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by seers discerning.

II.

O what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendour,
Strict to mark, and just to render !

III.

Trumpet scatt'ring sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

V.

Book where ev'ry act's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

VI.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

VII.

What shall *I* say that time pending ?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending ?

VIII.

King Almighty and All-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

IX.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou endur'dst earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

X.

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted ;
Let such labour not be wasted.

XI.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

XII.

Culprit-like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pard'ning word be spoken.

XIII.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heardst the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'dst with hope my lost condition.

XIV.

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

XV.

Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside thee.

XVI.

When th' accurs'd away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bless'd to heaven.

XVII.

I beseech thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

XVIII.

On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
When man rising, stands before thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

WE'VE FOUND THE ROCK.

WE 'VE found the rock, the trav'lers cried—
O halle, hallelujah!
The stone that all the prophets tried—
O halle, hallelujah!
Come, children, drink the balmy dew—
O halle, hallelujah!
'T was Christ that shed his blood for you—
O halle, hallelujah!

This costly mixture cures the soul
Which sin and guilt hath made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood!

O hearken, children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run ;
I'm glad I ever saw the day
That we might meet to praise and pray.

There's glory, glory, in my soul—
Come, mourner, feel the current roll ;
Welcome, dear friends—it's felt to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night but open day ;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down ;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU ! adieu ! I'm dying now,
A death-like chill is on my brow ;
My hands are cold, my heart beats fast,
Soon, soon, I'll reach that heavenly rest.

CHORUS.—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home ;
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

Sisters, why weep ye? dry your tears;
Death to me now has lost its fears;
I long to gain th' eternal shore,
Where there is joy forever more.

Sisters, when spring returns in bloom,
O place my flowers upon my tomb;
And then, at vesper hours so sweet,
Our souls in unison will meet.

Brother, I 'm dying: let me go
From this vain world of guilt and woe;
Come nearer to my side, loved one—
My eyes grow dim, my race is run.

Leave thy loud sobs, O dry thy tears,
Dispel, dispel, those gloomy fears;
I'm going to join the host on high,
Where pleasures never, never die.

Mother and father, nearer come,
I can but speak in whisper-tone;
O let me kiss your cheeks once more,
Then say Farewell forever more.

Bright angels now are hov'ring round,
They do my humble bed surround:
And is this death? O glorious boon!
Thank Heaven that we may die so soon.

Brother and sisters, nearer come,
Father and mother, one by one;
O let me gaze on all once more,
Then spread my wings for Canaan's shore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

O, BRETHREN, I have found
A land that doth abound
In fruits as sweet as honey;
The more I eat, I find,
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna!

CHORUS.—My soul doth long to go
Where I may fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along
I'll sing the Christian's song,
I hope to live forever.

Perhaps you think me wild,
Or simple as a child,—
I am a child of glory;
I am born from above,
My soul is fill'd with love,
I love to tell the story.

CHORUS.—My soul now sits and sings,
And practises her wings,
And contemplates the hour
When the messenger shall say,
“Come, quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.”

THE DYING GIRL TO HER SISTER.

THE dream is past—I'm dying now,
There is a dampness on my brow;
The pang is o'er—without a sigh
I'll pass away, and sweetly die.

But O ! that pang cost many a sigh,
'Twas hard to part with friends so dear ;
But that is past, I'll weep no more,
With me the dream of life is o'er.

And now, sweet sister, nearer come,
And tell me of that happy home :
Shall I its pearly gates behold,
Its streets all paved with burnish'd gold ?

And in that clime so strangely fair,
Say, shall I feel a stranger there ?
Or, will their harp-strings sweetly blend ?
To welcome me, a child and friend ?

But softly, sister, softly speak,
And stay those tears upon thy cheek ;
Weep not for me, O do not pain,
I would not wake to earth again.

Thy hand, so often clasp'd of old,
Thy soft warm hand for mine grows cold ;
And now, dear sister, let me rest
My wearied head upon thy breast ;

And fold thy arms about my form,
It shivers 'neath Death's dark cold storm ;
But sing me, sister, ere I go,
Our song, our childhood song you know ;

And let its gentle numbers flow,
As last you sung, soft, sweet, and low ;
And when its last faint echoes die,
And the bright tears steal from thine eye,

I shall not heed them as they stray,
I shall be gone, far, far away.
Then, dearest sister, fare-you-well,
I'm going to heaven, with Christ to dwell.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough ;
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thine axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Has spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down !
Woodman, thy stroke forbear,
Cut not its earth-bound tie ;
O spare the aged oak,
Now towering to the sky.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd ;
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand :
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend—
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend ;
Old oak, the storm still brave ;
Then, woodman, leave the spot—
While I've an arm to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

AIR—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

O God, thou great Creator,
Whose love all hearts shall own,
Be thou my Mediator,
I'll bow before thy throne;
My master's heart, how icy,
O warm it with thy love!
Tell him thy power is mighty,
And point to life above.

He smiles when I am writhing
With agony and pain,
And, though I cry for mercy,
He smiles and strikes again;
O tell him, in thy kindness,
That the All-seeing Eye
Perceives him, in his blindness,
The lash of torture ply.

Show him, O God, how dreary
The "spirit-land" will be
To him, where all the weary
At last again are free;
And "slave," that word heart-rending,
Is blotted from that sphere,
Where, during time ne'er ending,
No groans can please his ear.

Show him the long dark ages
He must remain behind,
Nor haste through blissful stages
That yet await mankind.*

* The author is a believer in A. J. Davis's theory of successive stages of happiness hereafter.

But, plodding lonely onward,
Remorse his only friend,
Look sadly to the future,
To where his miseries end.

Ask him if e'er a blessing
Came from his mother's tongue,
When words—O how distressing—
Her heart with anguish wrung ;
Her son—was he to leave her,
And toil on burning sands ?
Torn from his home and kindred,
To die in distant lands.

And O ! had he a father,
Or yet a sister's love ?
O sure his heart will soften,
And tears of pity move ;
He 'll feel that I 'm a brother,
And cast the chains from me—
With mind and voice forever
Will shout for LIBERTY.

ROCHESTER.

Fred. Douglass's Paper

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

SINCE meridian light commences,
Pure light 's reveal'd to some ;
If there still should be offences,
Woe to him by whom they come.
"Judge not that ye be not judged,"
Was the counsel Christ did give ;
And the measure that is given,
Just the same you will receive.

Jesus says, Be meek and lowly,
For 't is high to be a judge ;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must live without a grudge.
It requires a constant labour
All his precepts to obey ;
But if I truly love my neighbour,
Then I'm in the holy way.

But if I say unto my neighbour,
In thine eye there is a mote ;
If thou wert a friend and brother,
Hold and I will pull it out.
But I could not get it fairly,
For my sight was very dim ;
When I came to see more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

If I love my brother dearly,
And his mote I wish to erase,
Then my light must shine more clearly,
For the eye's a tender place.
Others I have oft reprov'd
For a little single mote ;
Now I wish the beam removed—
O that tears could wash it out !

But charity and love are healing,
They afford a pure light—
When I saw my brother failing
I was not exactly right ;
Now I'll take no further trouble,
Since Christ's love is all my theme—
Little motes are but a bubble
When I think upon a beam.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I REMEMBER how I loved her, when a little guiltless
child
I saw her in the cradle, as she look'd on me and
smiled ;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot
tell,
And I bless'd the glorious Giver, *who doeth all things
well.*

Months pass'd—that bud of promise was unfolding
every hour,
I thought earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower ;
So beautiful, it well might grace the bower where
angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne *who doeth all
things well.*

Years fled—that little sister then was dear as life to
me ;
She awoke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry ;
I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some
magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him *who doeth all things
well.*

She was the lovely star whose light around my
pathway shone
Amid this darksome vale of tears, through which I
journey on ;
Its radiance had obscured the light which round His
throne doth dwell,
And I wander'd far away from Him *who doeth all
things well.*

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth
sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the
Saviour's brow ;
She bow'd to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may
repel ;
But we know, for God hath told us, *he doeth all
things well.*

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her
bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told
me she was dead ;
But O that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel,
God gave, he took, he will restore—*he doeth all
things well.*

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

O, WHERE is my father--my guardian, my guide,
The friend and support of my youth,
Whose tongue in the accents of kindness had taught
Such lessons of wisdom and truth ?
'Neath the bending old elm in the churchyard he lies,
With the cold granite stone at his head,
And there he shall gather his household again,
To sleep with the rest of the dead.

My mother ! O never again shall I hear
The sweet mellow tones of thy voice,
As you welcomed us back to the homestead of yore,
And made the poor wanderer rejoice !
O no ! for the old elm has lengthen'd his boughs,
To shelter your long narrow bed ;
For beside our dear father we laid you to sleep
In peace, with the rest of his dead !

O, where is my brother? far, far from his home,
The stranger has hewn out his tomb;
But I trust the bright angel of mercy was near
To lighten its terrible gloom,—
To illumine the dark passage that leads to the grave,
Which truth from her torchlight can shed,—
And watches e'en now, in that clime of the South,
O'er the slumbering dust of the dead!

And where the dear sister, the pure and the good,
The light of our fireside band?
We miss thee, thy smile and thy gentle caress,
And the soft gentle press of thy hand:
Thou art sleeping in state, where, elaborately wrought,
A railing encircles thy bed—
But I wish thou wert here, 'neath our father's old
elm,
To sleep with the rest of the dead.

But few of our dear little circle are left,
And scattered exiles are they,
The dark line of man hath wither'd their smile,
And mingled their auburn with grey.
I would that we all might be gather'd again,
Where the elm-tree its branches hath spread,
That when the last peal of the trumpet hath call'd,
Our father might rise with his dead.

THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin—
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shatter'd in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shudder'd there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talk'd with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers;
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kiss'd the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchor'd safe in harbour,
When the morn was shining clear.

"THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

MOTHER, what makes my father gone
So very long to-night?
You know he always used to come,
Before 't was candle-light.

Then he spoke so pleasantly
When I met him at the gate;
Very sorry seem'd to be
If he made the supper wait.

How sweet the baby always smiled,
And gave her tiny hands to go,
When pa call'd her his pretty child,
His little pet you know.

And when he took me on his knee
To see the pictures I had made,
And hear me say my A B C,
I never thought to be afraid.

And, best of all, when Sunday come
How glad was I to hear him say,
"Run, get your hat, my little son,
For we must go to church to-day."

But, mother, now he speaks so sharp,
And gives you such an ugly shake,
When he comes home, though sound asleep
It quickly gets me wide awake.

Then it seems so very long,
And lonely too, to hear you sigh ;
I always think my pa is wrong,
When you're so good, to make you cry.

Then I cry myself, and wish
I knew what makes him treat you so ;
Mother, I want to kiss you now,
Then pray do tell me if you know.

My precious child ! O must you know
The cause of all my boundless grief,
Making my bitter tears to flow
So freely now for my relief ?

For myself I would not care
So much if this poor heart should break ;
But, my sweet children ! must they share
In misery that their parents make ?

And must they, in their tender youth,
Hear what they cannot help but feel ?
The wretched mortifying truth,
The purest love cannot conceal ?

My God ! O can I freely give
A healthy tone to vital powers ?
Or ask for strength, or wish to live
Under affliction such as ours ?

Yes, I will live and suffer on,
My son, for God is good to me ;
Although your father treats me wrong,
Yet God will my kind father be !

I would not say one word, I'm sure,
To make you prize your father less ;
'Tis love that only can endure
Such burning words of wretchedness !

Know then he drinks the poison'd bowl—
This is the cause of all our tears !
A drunkard's curse is on his soul—
This is the worst of all my fears !

'Tis scarcely two years now since he
Promised before his God and men,
With bitter tears of agony,
He ne'er would drink a drop again.

O, how I wept for joy to see
Him look so smiling when he came
From work at night, so constantly,
And all the evening stay at home.

Ah me ! those hours of bliss are gone,
And I am doom'd to know he stays
Where vice in every wretched form
Only resounds the drunkard's praise.

'Tis all in vain—no hope I see,
As long as avaricious man
Takes from a starving family
All means of sustenance he can ;

Among a fuming, filthy throng,
Will stand, and press the cursed cup
To their lips the whole night long,
For them to drink the contents up.

Poor murderous wretches ! can they be
Upheld so long—my God ! my God !—
Steeping fond hearts in misery,
And not feel thy avenging rod ?

O spare them yet a little space,
And let thy power their hearts renew ;
Teach them true love to all our race—
“ Father, they know not what they do ! ”

PRAYER.

THERE is an *eye* that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
THERE is an *ear* that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

THERE is an *arm* that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
THERE is a *love* that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That *eye* is fix'd on seraph throngs ;
That *ear* is fill'd with angels' songs !
That *arm* upholds the world on high ;
That *love* is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a *power* that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach—
That listening ear to gain :
That power is *prayer*, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

ALONG the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun ;
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wond'rous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course—
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force ;
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay, though nor outward wish is breathed,
 Nor outward answer given,
 The sighing of that humble heart
 Is known and felt in heaven ;
 Those long frail wires may bend and break,
 Those viewless heralds stray,
 But faith's least word shall reach the throne
 Of God, though far away.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the house of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—ineestimable jewels—which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament ; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*Reinerous Saccho's Book*, A. D. 1258.

The following exquisite lines, suggested by the above extract, appeared originally in the *New-England Review*.

"O, LADY fair! these silks of mine
 Are beautiful and rare—
 The richest web of the Indian loom
 Which beauty's self might wear ;
 And those pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,
 With whose radiant light they vie ;
 I have brought them many a weary way—
 Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
 Through the dark and clust'ring curls
 Which veil'd her brow, as she bent to view
 Her silks and glitt'ring pearls ;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turn'd away—
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
“My gentle lady, stay!”

“O, lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks
waved

Their clasping pearls between :—
“Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller grey and old—
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took :
“Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price ;
May it prove as such to thee !
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not,
FOR THE WORD OF GOD IS FREE!”

The hoary traveller went his way ;
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind ;

And she hath turn'd from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth !

And she hath left the grey old halls,
Where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower ;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God !

THE BIBLE.

THIS little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye
His blood-wrung spoils must gleam,
When Death's uplifted hand is nigh,
His life a varnish'd dream !
Then hear him, with his gasping breath,
For one poor moment crave !
Fool ! wouldst thou stay the arm of death ?
Ask of thy gold to save !

No, no ! the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth ;

Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health ;
But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe ;
And he that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree
Hath made that promise blest ;
" Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest.
A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise ;
My burden's light, and all who take
My yoke shall win the skies !"

Yes, yes ! this little book is worth
All else to mortals given—
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys of heaven ?
This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day—
A star, whose lustre gilds the grave—
" The Light—the Life—the Way."

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

WHICH of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers ?

Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

With them we march securely on
Throughout Immanuel's ground,
And not an uncommission'd stone
Our guarded feet shall wound.

No enemy our souls ensnare ;
No casual evil grieve ;
Nor can we lose a single hair
Without our Father's leave.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide—
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
A ready help we find—
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.

Their instrumental aid unknown,
They day and night supply ;
And free from fear we lay us down,
Though Satan's host be nigh.

Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power ;
And unconcern'd we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

Jehovah's charioteers around ;
The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do ;
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

But thronging round, with busiest love,
 They guard the dying breast;
 The lurking fiend-far off remove,
 And sing our souls to rest.

And when our spirits we resign,
 On outstretch'd wings they bear,
 And lodge us in the arms divine,
 And leave us ever there.

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN.

ONCE I loved my Redeemer, his flock and his fold,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago;
 But alas for my love, it grew languid and cold,
 Long, long ago—long ago;
 I wander'd afar, o'er the world and its wilds—
 I sought for its pleasures, I fed on its smiles,
 'Till stung by the adder that coils on its wiles,
 Long, long ago—long ago.

An exile I roam'd, far away from my God,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago;
 His eye beam'd rebuke, and his hand held the rod,
 Long, long ago—long ago;
 I felt sad despondency's venomous dart—
 It drank up my spirits, and poison'd my heart;
 I strove to forget it, though keen was the smart,
 Long, long ago—long ago.

But Jesus, to save me, (he pitied my falls,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago,—)
 Swift as thought, to the watchman that stands on our
 walls,
 (O 't was not long—long ago,)

This message was sped by an angel of light,
 "Go, picture the practical infidel's plight,
 'T will save that apostate from hell's deepest night :
 Go, preach the cross—watchman, go !"

I heard—fled to Christ—soft as dew from above,
 Not long ago—not long ago—
 Descended the stream of his heavenly love—
 Sweet was its flow—was its flow.
 With the heart how I praise him—his mercy adore,
 My exile is ended—my wanderings are o'er ;
 I stand on the mount now, to go down no more,
 No, never more—never more.

THE YOUNG LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

YE people, that wonder at me and my ways,
 And with much astonishment on me do gaze—
 Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
 My past exercises, and my present state.

The people I follow I once did despise,
 And oftentimes, like you, gazed on them with surprise ;
 I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
 But still from their meetings I could not refrain.

I oftentimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
 And sometimes in secret was made for to mourn ;
 Though weeping and shouting gave me such offence,
 I thought it delusion, and all a pretence.

I oftentimes resolved to hear them no more,
 But still, on occasions, would go as before ;
 Although persecution I still would return,
 But the spark of conviction began for to burn.

The word, clothed with power, at last reach'd my
heart—

I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart ;
I strove to conceal it, but all was in vain—
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me constrain.

I sank down in sorrow ; so great my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless ;
Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal :
A wonder, a wonder—O how did I feel !

My burden of guilt was removèd and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene ;
I stood up and praised him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard it, though the world had been
there.

My friends may despise me, my folks ridicule,
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool ;
But all their endeavours will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

THE Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home ;
The Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven's my home.

Through the telescope of faith
He looks o'er the river death,
And exultingly exclaims,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Though poverty's my lot,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home ;
Though poverty's my lot,
Heaven's my home.

Though poverty's my lot,
Though the fig-tree blossoms not,
I can sing the song of hope—
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home.

Though the world may me disown,
I am little and unknown,
I'm an heir to yonder throne—
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Through the dark and cloudy day
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home :
Through the dark and cloudy day
 Heaven's my home.

Through the dark and cloudy day
On Jehovah's arm I'll stay,
And pursue my happy way ;
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

O that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home ;
O that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home.

O that every soul could say,
If I die this blessed day,
I should rise and soar away ;
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

THE CROSS.

I'm tired of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries made by human worms,
 Their conversation flows.

The theme of Jesus' dying love
Transports my soul to things above ;
The hallow'd flame of Jesus' love,
It sets my soul on fire.

When Jesus tells his dying love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his love.
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound ;
Nor would I feel December cold,
Nor think the season long.

When he describes the thorns he wore,
And tells his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears ;
Then, with a sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart ;
The accursed tree, loaded with bliss,
My sweetest balm it bears.

Thus while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er my sins, a heavy load,
He bore upon the tree ;
Inward I blush, with sacred shame,
And weep, and own, and love the name
Who knew no guilt, nor grief his own,
But bore it all for me.

Kindly he opens to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pain ;
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every wound he heals a part ;
His arm embraces, and his hands
My drooping head sustains.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

COME, all you knights, you knights of Malta,
Come, say and do as I have done ;
You might have been in armour brighter,
Within the New Jerusalem.

CHORUS.—We are the true-born sons of Eden,
We are the true-born sons of God,
We wear the badge and scarlet garter,
The robe that ancient monarchs wore.

When Moses planted Aaron's rod
All in one night that rod did bud ;
When Moses smote the Egyptian water
That very moment it turn'd to blood.

CHORUS.—We are the true-born sons of Levi,
We are the true-born sons of God,
We are the root and branch of David,
The bright and glorious morning star.

When Aaron and I crossed over Jordan,
When the fifth stone was lifted up,
With the high-priest and our grand master,
We carried the ark of God along.

CHORUS.

It was in Gilgal our ark we rested,
And there we did receive the mark ;
The seven trumpets of rams' horns sounded,
Sounded there before the ark.

CHORUS.

Broad is the road that leads to ruin,
Many there be who travel in ;
Come, go with me to the New Jerusalem,
That is the place that's free from sin.

CHORUS.

THE NARROW WAY.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 Unto me, unto me;
 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 Unto me;
 I've something good to say
 About the narrow way,
 For Christ the other day
 Saved my soul, saved my soul—
 For Christ the other day saved my soul.

He gave me first to see
 What I was, what I was—
 He gave me first to see
 What I was;
 He gave me first to see
 My guilt and misery,
 And then he set me free—
 Bless his name! bless his name!—
 And then he set me free, bless his name!

Some said I'd soon give o'er—
 You will see, you will see;
 Some said I'd soon give o'er—
 You will see.
 Some time is past and gone
 Since I began to pray;
 I love the Lord to-day,
 Bless his name! bless his name!—
 I love the Lord to-day, bless his name!

My old companions said,
 He's undone, he's undone;
 My old companions said,
 He's undone;

My old companions said,
He is surely going mad ;
But Jesus makes me glad,
Bless his name ! bless his name !—
But Jesus makes me glad, bless his name !

Had they but eyes to see,
Eyes to see, eyes to see—
Had they but eyes to see,
Eyes to see ;
Had they but eyes to see
Their guilt and misery,
They 'd be as mad as me,
I believe, I believe,—
They 'd be as mad as me, I believe.

O, had I angel's wings,
I would fly, I would fly ;
O, had I angel's wings,
I would fly.
Had I the wings of Noah's dove
I 'd soon fly home above,
To greet the God of love—
Bless his name ! bless his name !
To greet the God of love, bless his name !

O, could I hear it said
From the Lord, from the Lord—
O, could I hear it said
From the Lord—
O, could I hear it said,
My warfare's at an end,
My soul would shout and sing :
O, farewell ; O, farewell,—
My soul would shout and sing, O, farewell.

THE HERMIT.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;

The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom—

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died—

And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,

And the song that thou heardest was the seraphim's song—

And the song that thou heardest was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
hath died—
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

THE INDIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaben, and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low ;
Dat God on high in shining place,
See me in night wid teary face—
De preacher tell me so.

God send his angel take me care,
He come himself, he hear my prayer,
If inside heart do pray ;
He see me now, he know me here,
He say, Poor Indian, neber fear,
Me wid you night and day.

Now me lobe God wid Indian heart,
He fight for me, he take my part,
He save um life before ;
God lobe poor Indian in de wood,
So me lobe God, and dat be good,
Me pray him two times more.

So when time come, poor Indian die,
Me go great Spirit above de sky,
And blanket leave behind ;
Me have no need of wigwam dere,
Me better habitation share,
Wid Jesus good and kind.

“ Don't be so-soon shaken ;
If I'm not mistaken,
Such things have been acted by Christians of old :
When the ark it was coming,
King David came running,
And *danced* before it, in Scripture we're told.
When the Jewish nation
Had laid the foundation,
And rebuilt the temple, by Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised,
Such a noise there was raised,
'T was heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

“ And as for the preacher,
Ezekiel the teacher
Was taught for to stamp, and smite with his hand ;
To show the transgression
Of that wicked nation,
And bid them repent and obey the command.
For Scripture quotation
In this dispensation,
Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down ;
If some ceased from praising,
We hear him proclaiming,
The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out. ’

“ Then Scripture is wrested ;
For Paul has protested
That order should be kept in the house of the Lord ;
Amidst such a clatter
Who knows what's the matter ?
Or who can attend unto what is declared ?
To see them behaving
Like drunkards or raving,
And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground ;

I really felt awful,
And sometimes was fearful
That I'd be the next to come tumbling down."

" You fear persecution,
And there's the delusion,
Brought in by the devil to draw you away ;
Be careful, my brother,
For blest are none other
But such as are never offended in me."

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

ENLISTED with Jesus to fight against sin,
O may I be valiant the battle to win !
For when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart.

CHORUS.—And now I have joined the conquering
band,
We're marching to glory, at Jesus' com-
mand.

He stripp'd off the garment of sin I had wore,
And gave me a new one he had in his store ;
Uniform in appearance, my garment was grace,
No doubting, no fearing, but bold in his ways.

The shoes of the gospel he put on my feet,
The whole Christian armour, to make me complete
Salvation my helmet, my girdle was grace,
The sword of the Spirit, the breastplate of faith.

And now I'm equipp'd and prepared for the fight,
O may I be careful my arms to keep bright—
That when Israel's trumpet shall sound from afar,
I may march up with boldness to Zion's great war.

The word it is given ; our Captain doth cry,
 The foes they are coming, to arms you must fly ;
 The banner 's unfurled, the standard I see,
 The colours all stain'd with blood on the tree.

How grand are the armies—how noble they stand—
 Their Captain is Jesus, he bears the command ;
 Press forward, brave soldiers, you 've nothing to fear,
 Only be valiant, the victory is near.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

AIR—Grave of Bonaparte.

IN a lone, silent spot, 'neath the sad drooping willow,
 Where the grass and the vine matted over his
 grave,
 A soldier of Jesus lay pressing death's pillow,
 Whose watchword was love, and whose aim was
 to save.
 He sleeps there in peace, no dangers can harm him,
 Though battles may rage, and the wild tempest
 roar ;
 His rest is unbroken, no sound can alarm him,
 In quiet he slumbers—his conflicts are o'er.

The cross was his standard, its beauties he blended,
 He offer'd salvation, and bade all rejoice ;
 But his work is now finish'd, his battles are ended,
 His labours are over, and hush'd is his voice.
 His form, cold and still, in its damp bed is sleeping,
 The eye is grown dim that with lustre once shone ;
 No friends mourning o'er him in sadness are weep-
 ing,
 And the tear-drop of sorrow falls not on his tomb.

But soon to the slumberer command will be given,
To cast off the fetters that cling to him now ;
An army of angels shall bear him to heaven,
And garlands of glory be 'twined round his brow.
While anthems of praises around him are ringing,
His body, immortal, in brightness shall rise ;
While millions of ransom'd hosannas are singing,
In triumph he'll enter his home in the skies.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

THE Gospel Ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore,
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah !
All the sailors loudly cry ;
See the blissful points of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond these mortal shores ;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
And yet there's room for thousands more

Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace,
Carrying every faithful sailor
To this heavenly landing-place.

Her sails are fill'd, and heavenly breezes
Gently waft the ship along ;
All the sailors are rejoicing,
Glory bursts from every tongue.

Come, poor sinners, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
Then with us you will be happy,
Happy through eternity.

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus—yes I do!
I love Jesus—he's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

HEAVENLY RAILROAD.

THE line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

CHORUS.—We're going home, we're going home,
we're going home,
To die no more, to die no more, to die no
more;
We're going home, to die no more.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible then is engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinners, now 's the time ;
At any place upon the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop, and take you in.

SELLING HEAVEN.

"Go, bring me," said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
"Those costly robes and jewels rare—
Go, bring them every one."

They strew'd them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost ;

"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul is lost !

"With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor fear'd the gaping tomb ;
With heaven already in my heart
I look'd for heaven to come.

I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was fill'd with peace ;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I barter'd heaven for these.

"Take them, they are the price of blood ;
For them I lost my soul ;
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom ;

That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

“Go, bear them from my sight and touch ;
Your gifts I here restore ;
Keep them with care—they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,”
She said, and sunk away.

THE LAST TRUMPET'S SOUND.

WHEN the last trumpet's sound shakes the earth all
around,
And the dead shall arise, and ascend to the skies,
There to meet Him who died, with his glorious bride,
And to praise him forever by Immanuel's side.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah to Jesus, Amen and Amen,
We will praise him forever, again and again ;
To the Lamb that was slain, and who liveth again,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen and Amen.

There the apostolic band, with the uplifted hand,
Give to Jesus the praise of salvation by grace ;
And the martyrs who bled, with their crown on their
head,
These from glory to glory by Jesus are led.

There a Wesley doth stand in the midst of the band,
With his bright shining face, praising God for free
grace ;
And a Fletcher unites with the old Israelites,
Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous delight.

Now redemption they sing to their glorious King,
Through the power of free grace, while the angels
sing bass ;
How it rolls o'er the plains, in what glorious strains !
O, glory to Jesus, forever he reigns.

There, array'd all in white, saints and angels unite,
And in ecstasies gaze on the Ancient of Days ;
In harmonious lays all their voices they raise,
And all heaven is fill'd with Immanuel's praise.

THE NEW GOSPEL SHIP.

I've shipp'd on board the gospel ship—
Come, who will go with me ?
She's ready now, she's all afloat,
Your passage shall be free.

CHORUS.—Cheer up, all hearts, the day it breaks,
The boats are crossing o'er,
The sun is up, the night is past,
Bright angels throng the shore.

Her keel was laid in perfect love,
When first her work begun ;
And modell'd by the powers above,
And finish'd by the Son.

Her sails are made of linen white,
And all so neat and clean ;
Her decks are laid with gospel grace,
And season'd hard within.

Her sides are seal'd, and all so tight,
With perfect skill and ease ;
Her cabin's lined with gold so bright—
Our Captain he is there.

Who do you think our Captain is?
 Or do you know his name?
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the Father's Son—
 Was born in Bethlehem.

Sometimes the waves run mountain high,
 And nothing seems to yield;
 By faith we steer our gospel ship—
 'Tis love that turns her wheels.

We've nail'd our colours to the mast,
 And firmly we declare
 We'll never strike while time doth last,
 Or Jesus answers prayer.

The Bible—yes, it is our chart—
 It points forever true;
 Though days go by, and years are past,
 Yet it is always new.

You ask me what's the song we sing;
 You ask me how we fare:
 'Tis glory to our God and king,
 And manna every hour.

You ask me where my ship is bound,
 And what's the wages given?
 She sails the world—yes, all around,
 And anchors safe in heaven.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

O WHERE can the soul find relief from its foes,
 A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
 Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
 Give a refuge nor sorrow nor sin can assail?
 No—no! there's no home,
 There's no home upon earth; the soul has no home.

Shall it leave the low earth and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?

Yes—yes—there's a home;
There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

O holy and sweet its rest shall be there!—
Free forever from sin, and sorrow, and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies;
Home—home—home of the soul,
The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

Our bondage it shall end by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.

Our Deliverer he shall come by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.

Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he 'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.

Then friends shall meet again who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more who have loved.

Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

LAY UP NEARER, BROTHER.

The New-England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. We have seldom met anything so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "tearful eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands, or sons on their way to, or after having reached, the land of gold and of graves.

LAY up nearer, brother, nearer ;
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you 'll miss me in your berth ;
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken ;
I have something I would say

Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away :
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong ;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I pray'd for him—
Pray'd that I might one day meet him
In a world that 's free from sin ;
Tell my mother, (God assist her
Now that she is growing old,)—
Tell, her child would glad have kiss'd her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now :
Tell, O ! tell her how I miss'd her,
When the fever burn'd my brow ;
Tell her, brother, (closely listen,
Do n't forget a single word,)
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her mem'ry stirr'd.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impress'd ;
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast ;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For he's said so in his word.

O, my children ! Heaven bless them !
They were all my life to me ;
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea ;

'T was for them I cross'd the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I've gain'd an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Ev'ry kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thoughts their mem'ry stirr'd ;
Tell them I ne'er reach'd the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I gain'd a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there ;
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
Will secure for each a share.
Hark ! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'T is his voice I know so well ;
When I'm gone, O don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last FAREWELL !

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's
ways,
And measures out his span to his God in prayer
and praise ;
His God and his Bible are all he desires,
To holiness of heart he continually aspires ;
In poverty he is happy, for he knows he has a Friend
That never will forsake him, though the world shall
have an end.

He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his
 lays,
And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer and
 praise ;
And then to his labour cheerfully repairs,
In confidence, believing that his God will hear his
 prayers ;
Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honour and to glorify God.
And thus you have his history through life from
 day to day—
Religion is no mystery to him, it is a beaten way ;
And when on his pillow he lies down to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his Saviour's nigh ;
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings
 of love
Flies away to realms of glory, there to reign with
 Christ above. .

THE WIFE.

SHE clung to him with woman's love,
 Like ivy to the oak,
Whilst o'er his head, with crushing force,
 Earth's chilling tempests broke.

And when the world look'd cold on him,
 And blight hung o'er his name,
She soothed his cares with woman's love,
 And bade him rise again.

When care had furrow'd o'er his brow,
 And clouded his young hours,
She wove, amidst his crown of thorns,
 A wreath of love's own flow'rs.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or the bright flow'ret wither,
For woman's tears e'er nourish'd them,
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms have pass'd ;
And, like the vine around the tree,
It braves them to the last.

WHEN JOSEPH HIS BRETHREN BEHELD.

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
For weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind,
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasten'd to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be
As soon as his name he had told !
"I'm Joseph your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear ;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

Though greatly distressèd before,
When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more—
Not one of them durst to look up.

"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?
And will he our households maintain ?—
O this is a brother indeed !"

Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe ;
What anguish then piercèd my heart ;
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart !"

But O ! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace.
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well—
By thee I was sold and was slain ;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

"I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh ;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone and thy flesh ;
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply ;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high."

"Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."

O, sinners, the message obey !
No more vain excuses pretend ;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

A CALL TO SINNERS.

O, CARELESS sinner, come,
Pray now attend ;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end ;
Jehovah calls aloud, Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God and happy be.

No happiness you'll find
While thus you go,
No fear unto your mind ;
But fear and woe
Attend you ev'ry day, while far from God you stray,
O, sinners, come away and happy be.

Nor do I call alone ;
The Saviour too,
E'en with his dying groans,
Cries, Bid adieu
To sin and folly now, and to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how to live anew.

But if you still refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked Jews
The road to woe.
Alas ! how can you slight the rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night, where silence reigns.

I bid you all farewell
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell
That we must part,
While on to heav'n we go, and you are bound to
woe,
Alas! it must be so, if you rebel.

I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why won't you leave your sins,
And come away
From Satan's cruel pow'r, and live forever more,
And bless the joyful hour when life began.

All hail! we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin
To glory bright.
We'll travel on with you, and bid the world adieu,
And endless joys pursue till all is ours.

Then we will range around
The peaceful plains,
Where pleasure hath no bounds,
Where glory reigns.
We'll fall at Jesus' feet, where joys are all complete,
And in sweet raptures meet, to part no more.

THE SACRIFICE.

THE morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it gaily shone,
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye a tear;
Although his soul was all resign'd,
Yet nature fondly linger'd there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleas'd a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly-augur'd destiny
Was written on his heavenly face.

The groaning father turn'd away,
And walk'd the inner tent apart;
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whisper'd in his heart :
O! must this son, to whom was given
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand?—

This son, for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home,
And in some wilderness forlorn
A savage exile doom'd to roam!
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
The known and certain will of God?

Arise, my son! the cruet fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies;
For we must seek Moriah's hill
And offer there a sacrifice.

The mother raised a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there;
She fear'd the desert drear and dry,
She fear'd the savage lurking there.

Abrah'm beheld, and made reply :
On Him from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we by faith rely ;
'Tis God's command, and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The srip was fill'd, the mules prepared,
And with the third day's twilight shade
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

The menials they at distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire,
The wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
The wood to build his funeral pyre.
No passions sway'd the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill ;
His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
Bow'd meekly, though he shudder'd still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries :
My father, lo ! the fire and wood,
But where's the lamb for sacrifice !
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
While Abrah'm answer'd low and calm,
With steady voice, and look resign'd,
God will himself provide the lamb.

But lo ! the father bound his son,
And laid him on the funeral pile ;
And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,
And took the knife to slay his child.

While Abrah'm raised the blade full high,
To execute his God's command,
An angel's voice, as from the sky,
Cried, Abrah'm, spare thine only son.

But let no pen, profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare ;
Turn to the Book of books divine,
And read the precious promise there.
Ages on ages roll'd away,
At length the hour appointed came,
When, on the mountain Calvary,
God did himself provide the Lamb.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

Among the Jewish nations one Daniel there was
found,
Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around ;
They saw him very pious and faithful to the Lord,
Three times a day he bow'd to supplicate his God.
Among the king's high princes this Daniel was the
first,
The king preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did possess ;
His unexampled piety provoked their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin,—obtain'd a firm decree.
Should any man or woman a supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O king,
To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should without distinction fall in the lions' den.
But now when Daniel heard it, straight to his house
he went,
To beg his God's protection—'t was all his whole
intent ;

His windows being open, before his God he bow'd ;
The princes were assembled, they saw him worship
God.

They came to King Darius and spake of his decree,
Saying, That Hebrew Daniel doth nothing care for
thee :

Before his God he boweth three times in every day,
With all his windows open, and we have heard him
pray.

Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore lament ;
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent :
The princes then assembled and to the king they
said,

Remember your great honour, likewise the laws you
made.

Darius then commanded that Daniel should be
brought,

And cast into the lions' den, because the Lord he
sought ;

The king then said to Daniel, That God whom you
adore,

Will save you from the lions, and bless, you ever-
more.

The king went to his palace and fasted all the night,
He neither ate nor drank, nor in music took delight ;
So early the next morning he stole along the way,
And came unto the lions' den, where this bold He-
brew lay.

Then with a voice of mourning, to Daniel cried
aloud,

Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of the Lord,

Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee?—
That God in whom thou trustest and serve continually.

My God hath sent his angel and shut the lions'
jaws,
So that they have not hurt me my enemies they
saw.

Then straight the king commanded to take him out
the den;
Because in God he trusted, no harm was found in
him.

See how the faithful Daniel fear'd not the face of
clay—
'T was not the king's commandment that made him
cease to pray;
He knew that God was with him, to save his soul
from death;
He trusted in Jehovah, and pray'd at every breath.

SECOND PART.

Darius then commanded those wretches to be
brought
Who had, with so much boldness, the life of Daniel
sought;
On women, men and children the sentence being
pass'd,
Among the angry lions those sinners then were cast.
The lions rush'd with vengeance upon those wicked
men,
And tore them all to pieces ere they to the bottom
came:
Thus God will save his children who put their trust
in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies extreme.

'T was then a proclamation Darius issued forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt upon the
earth,
To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the living God,
Whose kingdom is forever, and shall not be de-
stroy'd.

He maketh signs and wonders in heaven and on
earth,
Who hath deliver'd Daniel, and shut the lions'
mouth;
Who saved the Hebrew children when cast into the
flame;
Who is the God of heaven, and spreads his wide
domain.

This Daniel's God is gracious to all his children
dear;
He gives them consolation, and tells them not to
fear;
He's promised to support them, and bring them
safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes to hell.

Hark, sinners! hear the gospel, it says to you re-
pent;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour, for you his blood was
spilt;
He died to purchase pardon, that we might, by his
power,
Escape the roaring lion that seeks us to devour.

O will you be persuaded, by one who loves your soul,
To turn and seek salvation, with Christ in heaven to
dwell;

Come, serve the God of Daniel, 't is Jesus bids you
 come,
 You'll find a hearty welcome in Christ the bleeding
 Lamb.

Glory to God! O glory! for his redeeming love;
 Religion makes us happy here, and will in worlds
 above;
 We'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the holy
 song,
 With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the heavenly
 throng.

WHITHER GOEST THOU, PILGRIM STRANGER?

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
 Know'st thou not 't is full of danger?
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.—No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 O hallelujah! O hallelujah!
 I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 O hallelujah! O hallelujah!

Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
 Passing through a waste so wide;
 But no harm will e'er befall me
 While I'm bless'd with such a guide.
 For I'm bound, &c.

Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian pow'r befriend thee,
 'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
 O, I'm bound, &c.

Yes, unseen ; but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend ;
 He 'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.
 For I 'm bound, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale ;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail ?
 No, I 'm bound, &c.

No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I 'll bend ;
 Thence to plunge 't will be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I 'm bound, &c.

While I gazed, with speed surprising
 Down the stream she plung'd from sight ;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising
 Like an angel clothed with light.
 O, I 'm bound, &c.

Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
 Death will burst this sullen gloom ;
 Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
 Will be borne beyond the tomb.
 For I 'm bound, &c.

DANIEL'S WISDOM.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and spirit show ;
 John's divine communion feel,
 Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal ;
 Run like the unwearied Paul,
 Win the day and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness ;
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal ;
Like young Timothy, may I
Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know ;
Samuel's call O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share ;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's steadfast, valiant care ;
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart ;
Abraham's friendship let me prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew ;
By my life and conduct show,
How he lived and walk'd below ;
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

When those dreams of life are fled,
When those wasting lamps are dead ;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Youth, and fame, and power are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HEAVENLY SOUNDINGS.

To heav'n I'm bound with prosp'rous gales,
 My bark by grace doth safely steer,
 And going under gospel sails,
 Celestial prospects bright appear—
 To sound her ground my faith now springs,
 And to her Author thus she sings,
 "Thy will be done!"

As bearing up to gain the port,
 A blood-stain'd cross and heav'n in view,
 A Saviour's wounds, my harbour—fort—
 The beacon, to my vessel true ;
 Again my faith her soundings tries,
 And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,
 " A blessed hope !"

Now as the blissful shore draws near,
 With transport I behold the place
 Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,
 And long with joy to see his face ;
 Once more my faith doth try her ground,
 And thus reëchoes back the sound,
 " Christ is my rock !"

 MY FATHER'S LAND.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
 My heart and my treasure are there ;
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.—That blissful place is my Father's land,
 By faith its delights I explore ;
 Come, favour my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to that shore.

There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 But there is the palace of God.

There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who worshipp'd and suffer'd with me ;
 Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
 The King in his glory they see.

There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life with its labours is o'er ;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And there I shall suffer no more.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

O that I were as in months past.—JOB xxix, 2.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful connexions and innocent joy ;
 When, blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on
 high,
 I still view the chairs of my sire and mother,
 The seats of each offspring as ranged on each
 hand,
 And that richest of books, which excell'd every other,
 The Family Bible, which lay on the stand—
 The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight ;
 And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day and for safety through night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the hearts of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—
 The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted ;
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
 more,

In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore ;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
 O let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—
 The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

WHY THOSE FEARS ?

WHY those fears ?—behold, 't is Jesus
 Holds the helm and guides the ship ;
 Spread the sails and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death was hov'ring ?
 Could we rest on such a shore ?
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,
 We could linger there no more :
 We forsake it,
 Leaving all we loved before.

Though the shore we wish to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone,
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O ! what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

THE WHITE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

I CAME to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively sat by his tomb,
When, in a low whisper, I heard some one say,
“How sweetly I sleep here alone !

“The tempests may howl, and the loud thunders
roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

“The cause of my Master compell’d me from home,
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my sweet children, who now for me mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

“I wander’d, an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad,
The trump of the gospel endeavour’d to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

“But when, among strangers and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascended on high.

“O tell my companion, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same Hand that led me through scenes dark
and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.”

* * * * *

I call’d at the house of the mourner below,
I enter’d the mansion of grief;
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow—
I tried, but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppress’d;
And here were her children in mourning array’d,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief,
 I ask'd her the cause of her woe ;
 And why there was nothing to give her relief,
 Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

She look'd at her children, then look'd upon me ;
 That look I can never forget ;
 More eloquent far than a seraph can be,
 It spoke of the trials she met.

“ The hand of affliction falls heavily now ;
 I am left with my children to mourn ;
 The friend of my youth is silent and low,
 In yonder cold grave-yard alone !

“ But why should I mourn, or feel to complain,
 Or think that fortune is hard ?
 Have I met with affliction—'t is truly his gain—
 He's enter'd the joy of his Lord !

“ His work is completed and finish'd below ;
 His last tear is fallen, I trust ;
 He has preach'd his last sermon and met his last
 foe ;
 Has conquer'd, and now is at rest !”

THE RESURRECTION HYMN.

O, THEY crucified my Saviour ;
 O, they crucified my Saviour ;
 O, they crucified my Saviour,
 And they nail'd him to the cross :
 But he arose, he arose, he arose from the dead ;
 He arose and went to heaven on a cloud.

Then Joseph begg'd his body,
And he laid it in the tomb.
But he arose, &c.

Then down came the angels,
And they roll'd away the stone.
Then he arose, &c.

O, the grave it could not hold him,
For he burst the bonds of death.
Then he arose, &c.

Then Mary came a-running,
A-looking for her Lord.
But he arose, &c.

O, where have you laid him ?
For he is not in the tomb.
For he arose, &c.

Go, tell John and Peter
I have risen from the dead.

Go, tell to doubting Thomas
I have risen from the dead.

Then our hearts they burn'd within us
As he talk'd along the way.

O, why stand ye gazing,
O, ye men of Galilee ?

Don't you see him now ascending,
There to plead for you and me ?

In the world there's tribulation,
But in me ye shall have peace.

By-and-by we'll go and meet him,
Where pleasures never die.

WHEN I SET OUT FOR GLORY.

WHEN I set out for glory
I left the world behind,
Determined for a city
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.—And to glory I will go,
And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

I left my worldly honour,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.

Some said I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young
Then to prepare for dying,
But that was all my theme.

Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry ;
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go, &c.

The Lord, he loves the beggar
Who truly begs indeed ;
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.

I'm not ashamed to beg
While here on earth I stay ;
I'm not ashamed to watch,
I'm not ashamed to pray.

The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most ;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus
And with the Holy Ghost.

And now we are encouraged,
Come, let us travel on,
Until we join the angels
And sing the holy song.
And to glory we will go, &c.

THE LITTLE HYMN

COME, little children, now we may partake a little
morsel ;
For little songs and little ways adorn'd a great
apostle :
A little drop of Jesus' blood can make a feast of
union ;
It is by little steps we move into a full communion.
A little faith does mighty deeds quite past all my
recounting,
Faith, like a little mustard-seed, can move a lofty
mountain ;
A little charity and zeal—a little tribulation—
A little patience—makes us feel great peace and
consolation.

A little cross with cheerfulness, a little self-denial,
Will help us feel our troubles less, and bear the
greater trial ;
The Spirit, like a little dove, on Jesus once descended,
To show his meekness and his love the emblem was
intended.

The title of the little Lamb unto our Lord was given,
Such was our Saviour's little name, the Lord of earth
and heaven ;

A little voice that's small and still can rule the
whole creation,

A little stone that earth shall fill, and humble every
nation.

A little zeal supplies the soul, it doth the heart in-
spire ;

A little spark lights up the whole and sets the crowd
on fire ;

A little union serves to hold the good and tender-
hearted,

It's stronger than a chain of gold that never can
be parted.

Come, let us labour here below—see who can walk
the straightest ;

For in God's kingdom all must know the least shall
be the greatest :

O give us, Lord, a little drop of heavenly love and
union ;

O may we never, never stop, short of a full com-
munion.

Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs of immor-
tal glory,

You're built upon the surest rock, the kingdom's
just before you ;

Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and tell the
pleasing story—

I'm with you till the world shall end, I'll bring you
home to glory !

HOW SWEET THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

How sweet the mem'ry of the dead,
While sleeping on their dusty bed !
Their bodies rest in silence, where
No glimm'ring sun can enter there.

CHORUS.—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away,
Like a long summer's day.

Our brother he is dead and gone,
He's gone to join the morning song ;
Ah ! he did preach till almost spent,
And then gave up without consent.

He told us that his work was done—
He pray'd the Lord he would come down ;
A little while he talk'd and pray'd,
Then clapp'd his hands, and thus he said :

“ Children of Zion, now draw near,
And hear my dying speech with fear ;
Have I done all, have I got through,
And finish'd all I had to do ? ”

Satan tried his mind to tross,
He told him all his hopes were lost ;
He ask'd the Lord to give a sign
If he was born of blood divine.

A light from heaven did appear,
The glory of the Lord was there ;
I thought I heard the Saviour say—
“ Come hither, soul, I am the way ! ”

“ Satan, leave, for I must go,
The Lord has call'd me from below ;

I thank my God for what he's done,
The gift of his beloved Son!

"Jesus me a sinner sought—
Was not mine a happy lot?
I feel my Saviour in my breast—
I want to go and be at rest!"

I saw this mighty hero fall—
I saw him burst the prison wall—
I saw him when he took his flight
To dwell among the saints of light.

Could he another life live o'er,
He'd range this world from shore to shore;
He wore the mortal body down—
He wears a never-fading crown.

But see! the mighty angels call,
They take him round the city's wall:
"Come in!" they cried, "the war is o'er!"
And then I saw his face no more.

OUR KINDRED DEAR TO HEAVEN HAVE GONE.

Our kindred dear to heaven have gone,
We'll meet our friends in glory;
They landed safe—we'll follow on,
To meet our friends in glory.

CHORUS.—We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
To meet our friends in glory!
We're on our way to paradise,
To meet our friends in glory!

They had to fight their passage through—
We'll meet our friends in glory ;
But conquer'd, as we soon shall too,
And meet our friends in glory.

How bright the crowns their temples bear !—
We'll meet our friends in glory ;
Like crowns for us are waiting there—
We'll meet our friends in glory.

What robes they wear before the throne !—
We'll meet our friends in glory ;
Such glorious robes shall be our own—
We'll meet our friends in glory.

What harps of gold they all employ !—
We'll meet our friends in glory ;
Such harps our hands shall strike with joy—
We'll meet our friends in glory.

What notes divine are on their tongues !—
We'll meet our friends in glory ;
And raise with them our rapt'rous songs—
We'll meet our friends in glory.

We're marching forward heart and hand,
To meet our friends in glory ;
And soon, in one united band,
We'll meet our friends in glory.

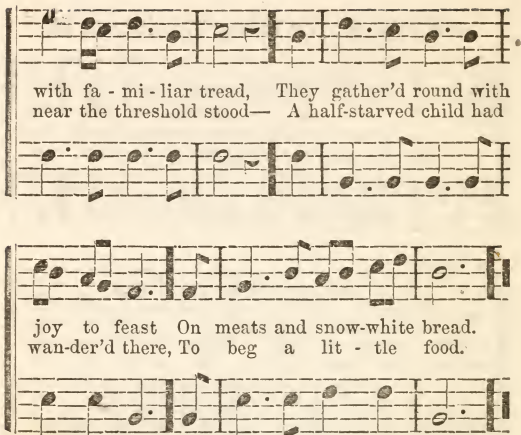
I HAVE NO FATHER THERE. C. M.

1. I saw a wide and well-spread board, And
 2. Be-side the board the fa-ther sat, A

children, young and fair, Came one by one—the
 smile his fea-tures wore, As on the lit-tle

eld-est first—And took their sta-tions there:
 group he gazed, And told their por-tions o'er:

All neat-ly clad, and beau-ti-ful, And
 A mea-gre form, ar-ray'd in rags, A-



3. Said one, "Why standest here, my child?

See, there's a vacant seat,
Amid the children—and enough
For them and thee to eat:"
"Alas, for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair;
"No right have I amid your group—
I have no father there!"

4. O, hour of fate! when from the skies

With notes of deepest dread,
The far resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead—
What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And, gazing on the blest, exclaim,
"I have no Father there!"

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

[Adapted to the preceding tune.]

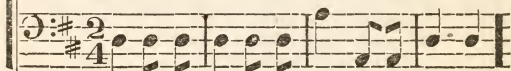
1. This Book is all that's left me now ;
Tears will unbidden start ;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart :
For many generations pass'd,
Here is our family-tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;
She, dying, gave it me.
2. Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear ;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
3. My father read this holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear !
Her angel face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy—
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

HANOVER. 11s & 10s.

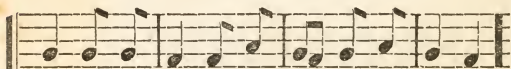
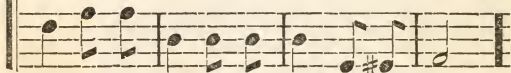
MOZART.



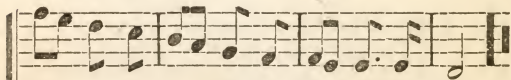
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing,



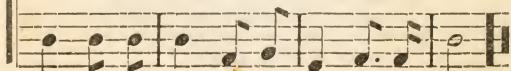
Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid;



Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing,

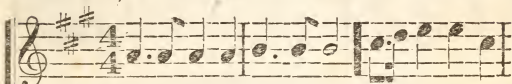


Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.



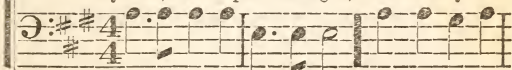
2. Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

BURST, YE EMERALD GATES. 7s & 6s.

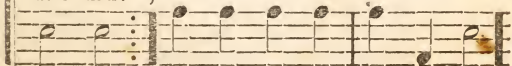


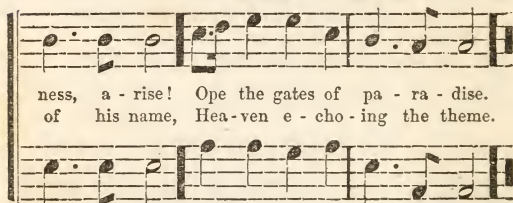
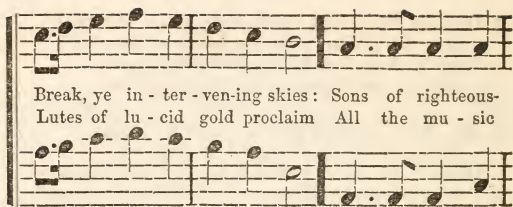
1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured
 All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright E-

2. Floods of ev-er-last-ing light Free-ly flash be-
 Myriads, with supreme delight, In-stant-ly a-



vi - sion,	}	Lo! we lift our long - ing eyes:
ly - sium!		
fore him:		
dore him:		
	}	An - gel trumps re - sound his fame;





3. Four and twenty elders rise

From their princely station :
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation :
Cast their crowns before his throne ;
Cry, in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One."

4. Hark ! the thrilling symphonies

Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
Join we to the holy lays—
"Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song ;
Sweetest note on mortal tongue ;
Sweetest carol ever sung :
"Jesus ! Jesus !" flow along.

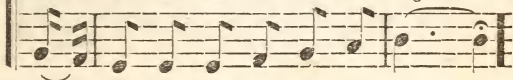
THE OLD ISRAELITES. 12 & 9.



1. The old Israelites knew what it was they must do
2. I am thankful, indeed, for the Heavenly Head,



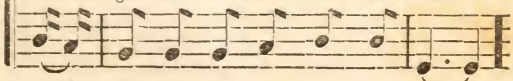
If fair Ca - na - an they would pos - sess—
Which be - fore me has hith - er - to gone;



They must still keep in sight of the pil - lar of light,
For that Pil - lar of Love which doth onward still move,



Which led on to the pro - mis - ed rest:
And doth ga - ther our souls in - to one.





The camps on the road could not be their a-
Now the cross-bear-ing throng are ad-vancing a-



bode; But as oft as the trum-pet should blow,
long, And a clo-ser com-mu-nion doth flow;



They all, glad of a chance of a fur-ther ad-vance,
Now all who would stand on the pro-mis-ed land,



Must then take up their bag-gage and go.
Let them take up the cross and go.



3.

The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming Red Sea ;
So none now need to speak of the onions and leeks,
Or to talk about garlies to me :
On Jordan's near side I can never abide ;
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

4.

What though some in the rear preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ?
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat.
We are little; 't is true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
But while I see a track I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

5.

Now the bright morning dawns for the camps to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow :
As the priests give the sound, and the trumpets resound,
All my soul is exulting to go.
If I'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see, what a blessing to me
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

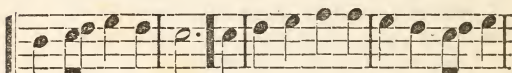
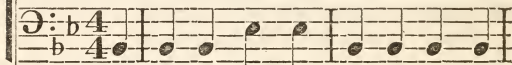
6.

All my honours and wealth, all my pleasures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake ;
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I shall make :
When I all have forsook, like a bubble 't will look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow and pain
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song.

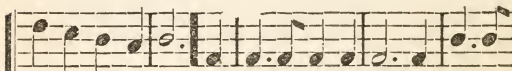
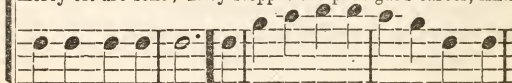
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. C. M.



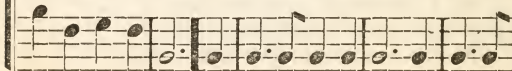
1. Af-flic-tions, though they seem se - vere, In



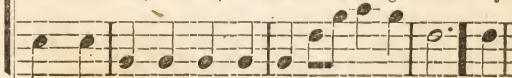
mercy oft are sent ; They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And

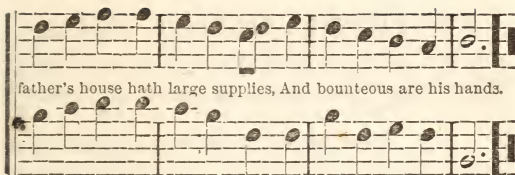


caused him to repent : I 'll die no more for bread—I 'll die no



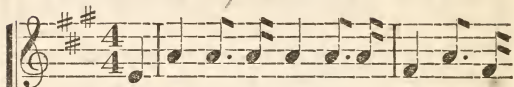
more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands ; My



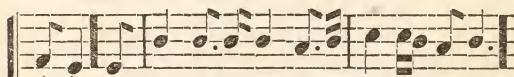
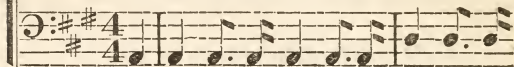


2. What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
I'll die no more, &c.
3. I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face—
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll die no more, &c.
4. His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
I'll die no more, &c.
5. Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!
Enough, the father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
I'll die no more, &c.
6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again—
Was lost, but now is found.
I'll die no more, &c.
7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.
I'll die no more, &c.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s.



1. Away from his home 'and the friends of his



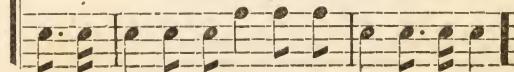
youth, He hasted—the herald of mercy and truth;

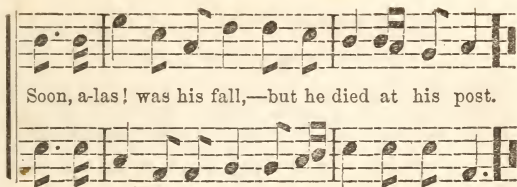


For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost:



Soon, a-las! was his fall,—but he died at his post:





Soon, a-las! was his fall,—but he died at his post.

2.

The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardour he led, in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier,—he died at his post.

3.

He wept not himself that his warfare was done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart loved the
most,—
“Tell my brethren,” said he, “that I died at my post.”

4.

He ask'd not a stone, to be sculptured in verse ;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse :
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5.

Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He has pass'd o'er the sea—he has reach'd the bright
coast—
For he fell like a martyr,—he died at his post.

6.

And can we the words of our brother forget ?
O no !—they are fresh in our memory yet :
An example so sacred shall never be lost ;
We will fall in the work,—we will die at our post.

THE DYING BOY. 6, 10, 10, 4

MUSIC BY REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.

1. Mother, I'm dy-ing now! There's a deep

The first system of musical notation is in 2/2 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

suf-fo-ca-tion in my breast, As if some

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The treble staff features a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F5, and G5. The bass line continues with a half note D2, followed by quarter notes E2, F2, and G2. The system concludes with a double bar line.

hea-vy hand my bosom press'd; And on my brow

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The treble staff features a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. The bass line continues with a half note A2, followed by quarter notes B2, C3, and D3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2. I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous—my breath
Comes feebly up—O tell me, Is this death?
Mother, your hand—

3. Here; lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be miss'd?

4. O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see my vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

5. Never, beside your knee,
Shall I, again, kneel down at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.

6. Father, I'm going home,
To that good home you spoke of—that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

7. I must be happy there;
From pain and death, you say, I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!

8. Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where, long hours,
We've stay'd to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not.

9. Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and shall be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

10. Sister, the young rose-tree
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves, so green and fair,
I give to thee.

11. And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

12. Now, mother, sing the tune
You sung last night—I'm weary and must sleep—
Who was it call'd my name?—nay, do not weep—
You'll all come soon.

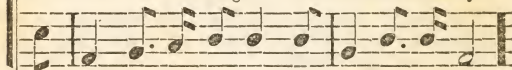
THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON.*

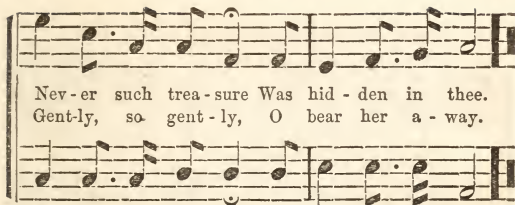
POETRY BY H. S. WASHBURN—MUSIC BY L. HEATH.



1. Mournful - ly, ten - der - ly, Bear on the dead ;

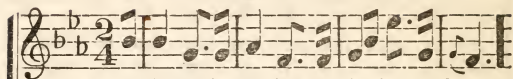
2. Mournful - ly, ten - der - ly, Solemn and slow—

Where the war-rior has lain, Let the Christian be laid ;
Tears are be - dew - ing The path as ye go ;No place more be - fit - ting—O Rock of the sea !
Kin - dred and strangers Are mourners to - day—Nev - er such trea - sure Was hid - den in thee,—
Gent - ly, so gent - ly, O bear her a - way,—

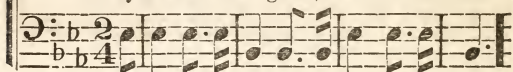


3. Mournfully, tenderly,
Gaze on that brow—
Beautiful is it
In quietude now;
One look! and then settle
The loved to her rest—
The ocean beneath her,
The turf on her breast.
4. So have ye buried her—
Up! and depart,
To life and to duty
With undismay'd heart:
Fear not—for the love
Of the stranger will keep,
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.
5. Peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading,
Before, thou hast trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea!

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER. 11s.



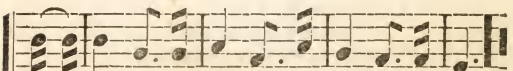
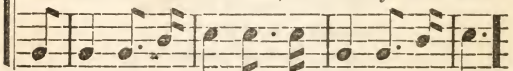
1. A father is praying The Saviour to hear,
2. "My dear little daughter, I fear she will die!"



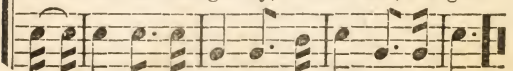
For his daughter is dy-ing, With no help-er near;
Thou mer-ci-ful Sa-viour, at-tend to my cry!



Be-seeching him greatly, he falls at his feet,
If thou wilt but touch her, she sure-ly will live—



And his sto-ry of sor-row, O hear him re-peat:
Then to thee all the glo-ry, O Je-sus, I'll give."



3.

And Jesus went with him;—but soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father, “Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the Master, thy woes to relieve?”—
But the kind Saviour whisper’d, “Now, only believe.”

4.

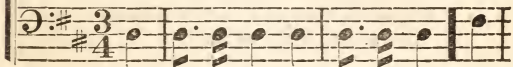
They came to the house—and the mourners were there,
And, with weeping and wailing, were rending the air;
But Jesus reprov’d them: “Why do ye thus weep?
For the maid is not dead—she is only asleep!”

5.

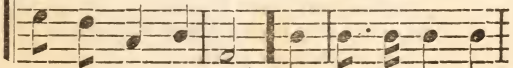
O see! with a touch how the maiden awakes,
When the mighty Physician her hand gently takes!
And, see! from her features pale death quickly flies,
At the voice of the Saviour—“O damsel, arise!”

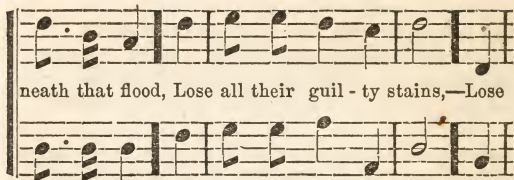
 FOUNTAIN. C. M.


1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn

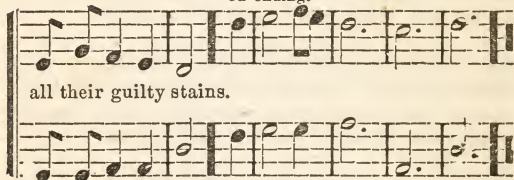


from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-





3d ending.



2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

TRIUMPH. 10s.

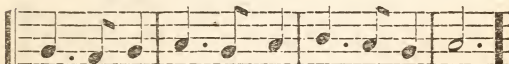
REV. A. D. MERRILL.



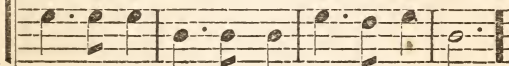
1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward I move,
2. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;



Bound for the land of bright spi-rits a-bove;
 Wait-ing, they watch me ap-proach-ing the shore;

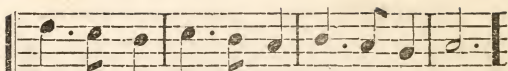


An-ge-lic cho-ris-ters sing, as I come,
 Sing-ing, to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom,


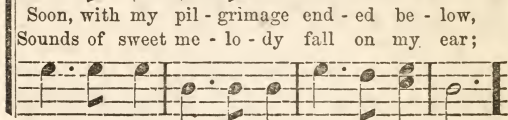


Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home."
 Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home."

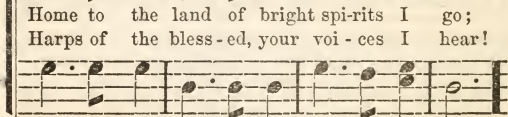




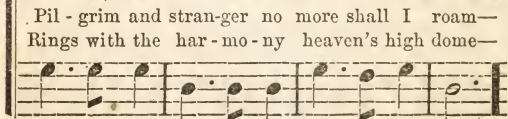
Soon, with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low,
Sounds of sweet me - lo - dy fall on my ear;



Home to the land of bright spi-rits I go;
Harps of the bless-ed, your voi - ces I hear!



Pil - grim and stran-ger no more shall I roam—
Rings with the har-mo-ny heaven's high dome—



Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.
"Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."



For third verse, see the following page.

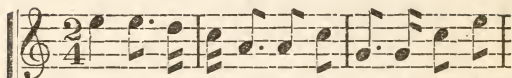
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low ;
 Strike, King of terrors—I fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb :
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn ;
 Death shall be banish'd—his sceptre be gone ;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom—
 Joyfully, joyfully—safely at home.
-

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.


[Adapted to the preceding tune.]

- 1 Happy the spirit released from its clay ;
 Happy the soul that goes bounding away—
 Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
 “Victory! victory!—homeward I rise.”
 Many the toils it has pass'd through below,
 Many the seasons of trial and woe ;
 Many the doubtings—it never should sing
 “Victory! victory!” thus on the wing.
2. There lies the wearisome body at rest ;
 Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast ;
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
 “Victory! victory!” sings in its flight.
 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth—
 “Welcome, O welcome to our happy shore ;
 Victory! victory!—weep ye no more.”
3. How can we wish them recall'd from their home,
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?
 Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
 “Victory! victory!” shouting in death.
 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
 Bids them in glorified bodies arise—
 Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
 “Victory! victory!—Jesus hath come!”

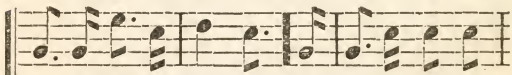
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.



1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain hath
2. While I re-mem-ber all The friends so link'd to-



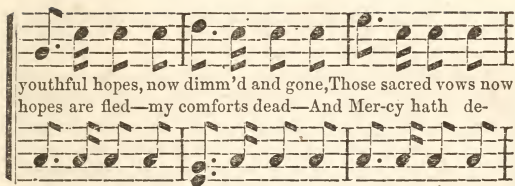
bound me, Fond mem-'ry brings the light Of
ge - ther, I've seen a-round me fall, By



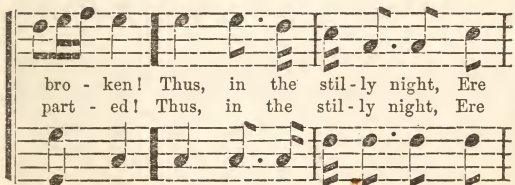
o - ther days a - round me: The joys, the tears, of
sin's sub-du-ing pow - er, I feel like one now



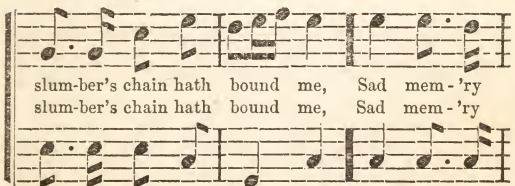
ear - ly years, The vows to Heaven then spo - ken; Those
left a-lone; My Sa-viour I de - sert - ed; My



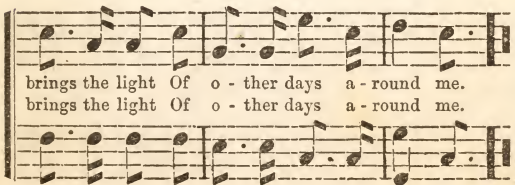
youthful hopes, now dimm'd and gone, Those sacred vows now
hopes are fled—my comforts dead—And Mer-cy hath de-



bro - ken! Thus, in the stil-ly night, Ere
part - ed! Thus, in the stil-ly night, Ere



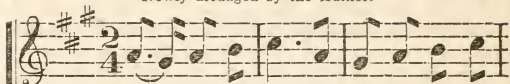
slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem-'ry
slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem-'ry



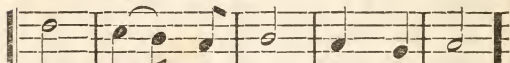
brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.
brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.

ALL IS WELL. 10, 3, 8. C. DINGLEY.

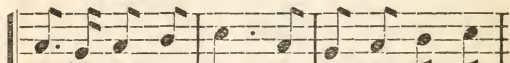
Newly arranged by the Author.



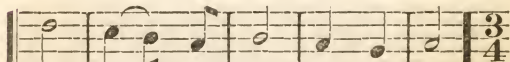
1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my
2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for



frame? Is it death?—Is it death?
me; All is well,—All is well;



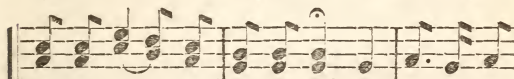
That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal
My sins are par - don'd, par-don'd; I am



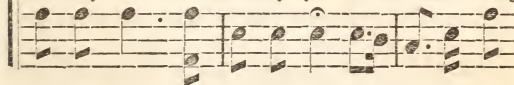
flame; Is it death?—Is it death?
free! All is well,—All is well:



If this be death, I soon shall be From
There's not a cloud that doth a - rise, To



eve - ry pain and sor - row free—I shall the King
hide my Sa - viour from my eyes—I soon shall mount



of glo - ry see! All is well,—All is well.
the up - per skies! All is well,—All is well.



3.

Tune, tune your harps—your harps, ye saints in glory!

All is well,—All is well:

I will rehearse—rehearse the pleasing story;

All is well,—All is well:

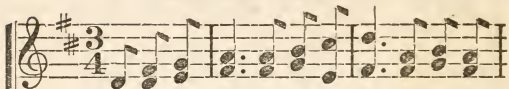
Bright angels are from glory come;

They're round my bed—they're in my room—

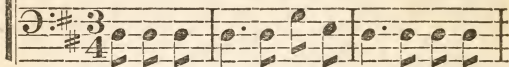
They wait to waft my spirit home!

All is well,—All is well.

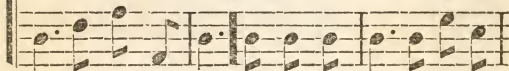
SONNET. 8s & 4..



1. When for e-ternal worlds we steer, And seas are



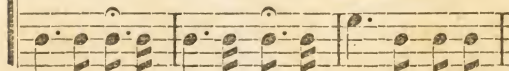
calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live-ly ex-er-

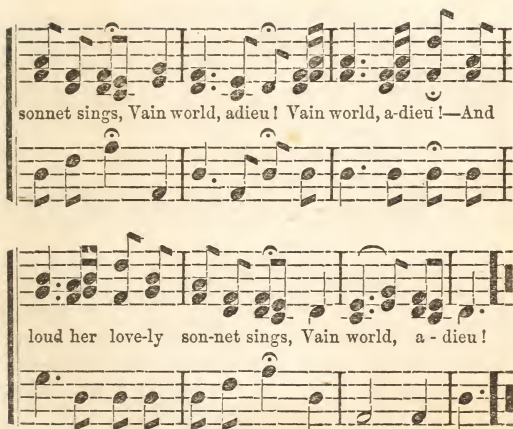


cise, And dis-tant hills of Ca-naan rise,— The



soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely





2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore;
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
 Vain world, adieu!

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the veil:
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings—
 Glory to God!

THE HAPPY MAN.



1. How hap-py is the man who has chosen wisdom's

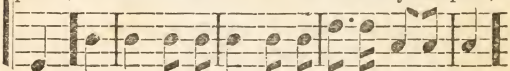
2. He rises in the morning ; with the lark he tunes his



ways, And measured out his span to his God in prayer and
lays, And of - fers up a tribute to his God in prayer and



praise ; His God and his Bi - ble are all that he de - sires—
praise ; And then to his la - bour he cheerfully re - pairs,



To ho - li-ness of heart he con - tin-u-al-ly as-pires ;
In con-fi-dence be - lieving that God will hear his prayers :





In po-ver-ty he's happy, for he knows he has a Friend,
What-ev-er he en-gages in, at home or a-broad,



Who never will forsake him till the world shall have an end.
His ob-ject is to honour and to glo-ri-fy his God.



3.

In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living
vine;

When trouble presses heavily he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest:
The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden always light;
He lives—nor is he weary till Canaan heaves in sight.

4.

'Tis thus you have his history through life, from day to
day:

Religion is no mystery;—with him 'tis a beaten way:
And when upon his pillow he lies down to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his God is nigh:
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul, on wings of
love,

Away to realms of glory flies, to reign with Christ
above.

UNITY. S. M.

1. Let par - ty names no more The

Christian world o'erspread; Gen-tile and Jew, and

bond and free, Are one in Christ their

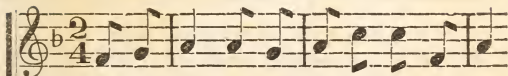
Head,— Are one in Christ their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

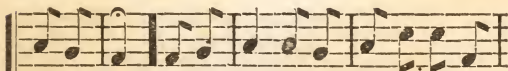
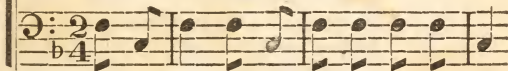
3. Let envy and deceit
 Be banish'd far away;
 And all in Christian bonds unite,
 Who all one Lord obey.

4. Thus will the Church below
 Resemble that above:
 Where streams of bliss forever flow,
 And every heart is love.

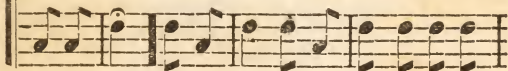
EXPERIENCE. 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 7, 5, 4.

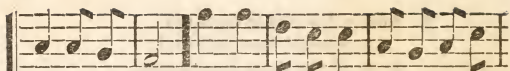


1. I have sought round the verdant earth, For un-
 2. I have wan-der'd in ma-zes dark, Of doubt



fading joy; I have tried eve-ry source of mirth, But
 and dis-tress: I have not had a kindling spark, My





all, all will cloy: Lord, be - stow on me Grace to set the
spi-rit to bless: Cheerless un - be-lief Fill'd my lab'-ring



spi-rit free; Thine the praise shall be—Mine, mine the joy.
soul with grief; What shall give relief? What shall give peace?



3. I then turn'd to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release;
Weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss—
Eternal day.

4. I will praise now my Heav'nly King—
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven-above—
Saved by thy redeeming love—
Loud the strains shall move,
Forever more.

THE PURE TESTIMONY.

1. The pure tes - ti - mo - ny, - put

The first system of the musical score for 'The Pure Testimony'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with half notes D3, F#3, and A3.

forth in the Spi - rit, Cuts like a sharp

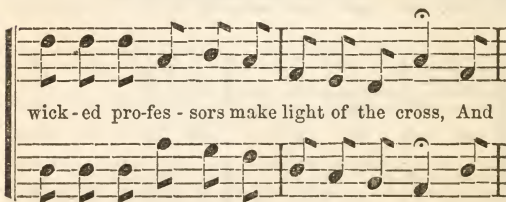
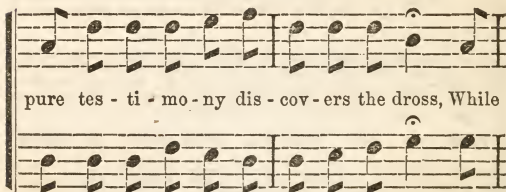
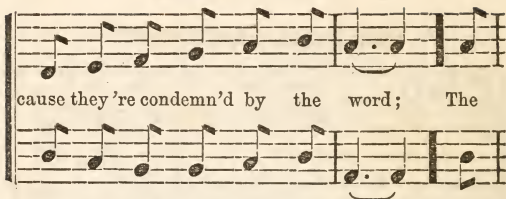
The second system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with half notes D3, F#3, and A3.

two edg - ed sword, And hy - po - crites

The third system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with half notes D3, F#3, and A3.

now are most sore - ly tor - ment - ed, Be-

The fourth system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with half notes D3, F#3, and A3.



2.

Is not the time come for the Church to be gather'd
Into the one Spirit of God ?
Baptized by one Spirit, into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood ?
They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all see
They 're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be—
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3.

Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again ;
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain.
Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit through Jesus's name—
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

4.

The world will not persecute those who are like them,
But hold them the same as their own ;
The pure testimony cries out, "separation,"
Which causes false teachers to frown ;
Come out from foul spirits and practises too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your view—
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

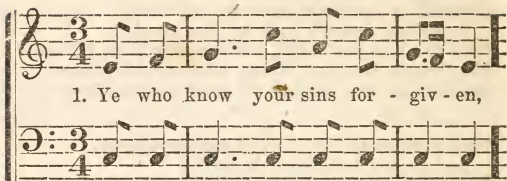
5.

A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies are gathering round ;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close contest ere long ;
Then gird on your armour, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word ;
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

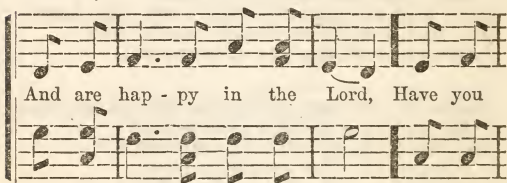
6.

The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces,
To make you his pris'ners again,
By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecution,
That you in his cause may remain ;
Then shun his temptations wherever they lie,
And fear not his servants whatever they say ;
The PURE TESTIMONY will give you the day.

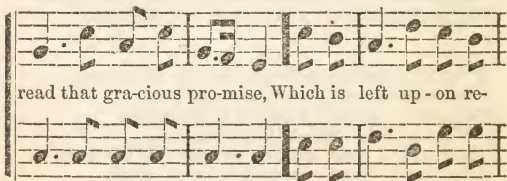
GOSPEL FREEDOM. 8s & 7s.



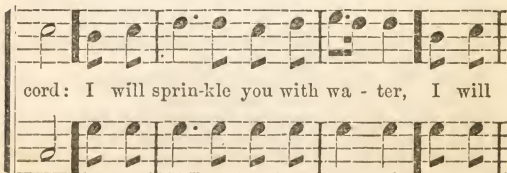
1. Ye who know your sins for - giv - en,



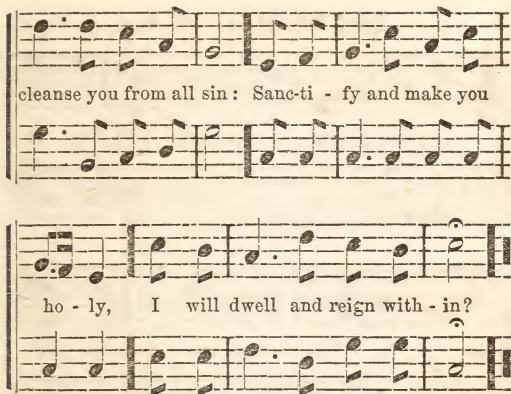
And are hap - py in the Lord, Have you



read that gra-cious pro-mise, Which is left up - on re-



cord: I will sprin-kle you with wa - ter, I will



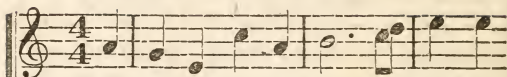
2.

Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find;
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your perfect freedom,
 Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died;
 On the cross the healing fountain
 Gushed from his wounded side.

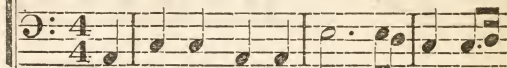
3.

Be as holy and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure;
 Jesus, only Jesus, know.
 None but holy ones can enter
 To the pure celestial sphere;
 Let me ask the solemn question—
 Has the Lord a witness here?

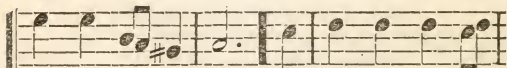
THE VOYAGE. H. M.



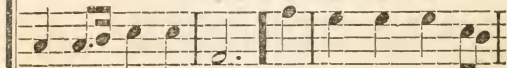
1. Thro' tri - bu - la - tion deep The way to



glo - ry is; This stormy course I keep O'er



these tem-pestuous seas: By waves and winds I'm



toss'd and driven, Freight'd with grace, and bound to heaven.



2.

Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane ;
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in ;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3.

When I, in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.

4.

But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale ;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

5.

The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

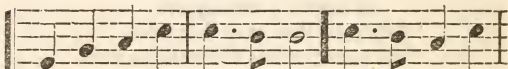
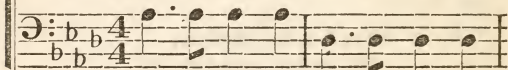
6.

When through the voy'ge I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet
To bring me into port ;
And, when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe forever more.

ORESTES. 8s & 7s.. L. THOMPSON.



1. Vain are all ter - res - trial plea-sures;



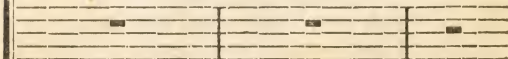
Mix'd with dross the pu - rest gold; Seek we then for

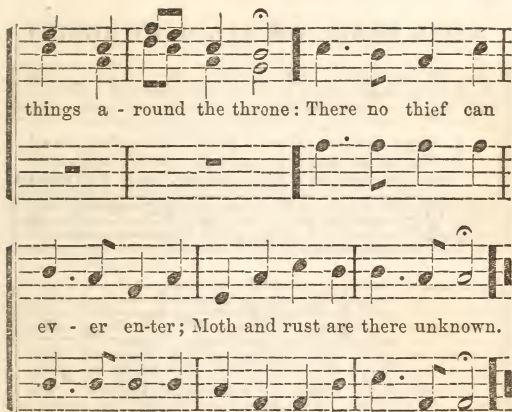


heav'nly treasures—Treasures never wax-ing old.



Let our best af - fec - tions cen - tre On the





2.

Earthly joys no longer please us;
 Here would we renounce them all;
 Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
 Him our Lord and Master call.
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter worlds above;
 Bids us look for his appearing;
 Bids us triumph in his love.

3.

May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
 Longing for the welcome sound.
 Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn or evening shade.

WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN?

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all
 2. Tho' in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a
 3. When these burnish'd locks are grey, Thinn'd by many a

meet a - gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope ex - pire,
 burn-ing sky; Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls,
 toil-spent day; When a - round this youth-ful pine

Oft shall wea-ried love re - tire; Oft shall death and
 Friendship shall u - nite our souls; And in fan - cy's
 Moss shall creep and i - vy twine; (Long may this loved

sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.
 wide do-main, Oft shall we all meet a - gain.
 bower re-main:) Here may we all meet a - gain.

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

NOTE.—This poetry, it is said, was “composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower, whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a ‘youthful pine.’ Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again—the recollection of bygone days drew them to the same spot, and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the following.”—TRADITION.

THE MEETING.

1. Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth to mem'ry dear;
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We our social joys renew;
Bound by love's unsever'd chain,
Here, on earth, we meet again.
2. But our bower, sunk to decay,
Wasting time has swept away;
And the youthful evergreen,
Lopp'd by death, no more is seen;
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
When, in age, we meet again.
3. Many a friend we used to greet,
Here, on earth, no more we meet:
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung;
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearing ne'er to meet again.
4. Worn with toil, and sunk with years,
We shall quit this vale of tears;
And these hoary locks be laid
Low in cold oblivion's shade;
But, where saints and angels reign,
We all hope to meet again!

THE CHARIOT. 12s.

WILLIAMS.

1. The chariot! the chariot!—its wheels roll in fire,
2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! around him array'd;

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Migh - ty hosts of the an - gels now wait on the Lord;

Lo! self-mov - ing, it drives on its path-way of cloud,
And the glo - ri - fied saints and the mar - tyrs are there,

And the heav'ns with the bur - den of God-head are bow'd.
And there all who the palm-leaves of vic - to - ry wear.

3.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard;
 Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
 north,
 All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4.

The judgment! the judgment!—the thrones all are set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5.

O mercy! O mercy!—look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

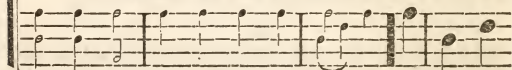
THE YOUNG CONVERT. C. M. S. HILL.

1. When converts first be - gin to sing—
 Their hap - py souls are on the wing—

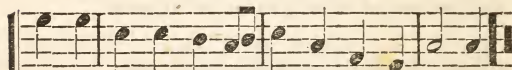
Won - der, won - der, won - der; } Their theme is all - re -
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! }



deeming love—Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah! Fain would they



be with Christ above—Sing, Glory, hal - le - lu - jah!



2. They wonder why old saints don't sing—

Wonder, wonder, wonder;

And make God's earthly temples ring—

Glory, hallelujah!

They view themselves upon the shore—

Glory, hallelujah!

And think the battle all is o'er—

Sing, Glory, hallelujah!

3. The Bible now appears so plain—

Wonder, wonder, wonder;

They wonder they should read in vain—

Glory, hallelujah!

The air is all perfumed with love—

Glory, hallelujah!

And earth appears like heaven above—

Sing, Glory, hallelujah!

YE SHALL SEE ME.

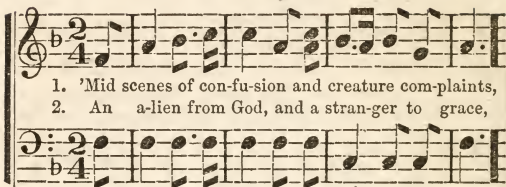
1. We shall see a light appear, By-and-by, when He
2. We shall shout above the fire, By-and-by, when He

comes; We shall see a light appear, When He comes: Ride on,
comes; We shall shout above the fire, When, &c.: Ride on,

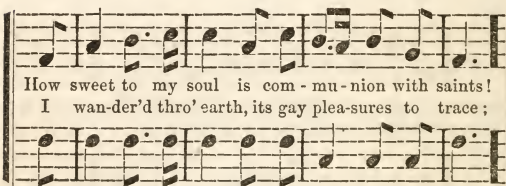
Je - sus, O ride on! We are on our journey home.

3. We shall see Him as He is,
By-and-by, when He comes—
We shall see, &c.
4. We shall walk the golden streets,
By-and-by, when He comes—
We shall walk, &c.

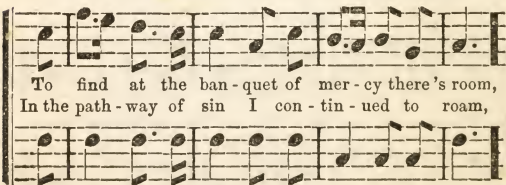
THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME. 11s.



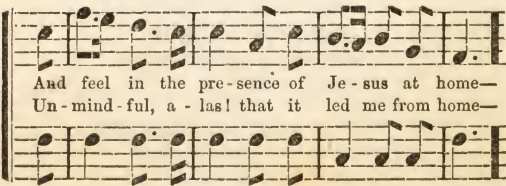
1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature com-plaints,
2. An a-lien from God, and a stran-ger to grace,



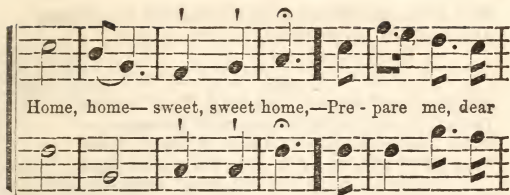
How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints!
I wan-der'd thro' earth, its gay plea-sures to trace;



To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
In the path-way of sin I con-tin-ued to roam,



And feel in the pre-sence of Je-sus at home—
Un-mind-ful, a-las! that it led me from home—



2d ending.



3.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven—
 Home, home, &c.

4.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Saviour invites me—I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room;
 O there may I feast with his children at home—
 Home, home, &c.

5.

Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu;
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home—
 Home, home, &c.

6.

The days of my exile are passing away,
 The time is approaching when Jesus will say,

Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home.

Home, home, &c.

7.

Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints will unite to be parted no more ;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with their Saviour forever at home.

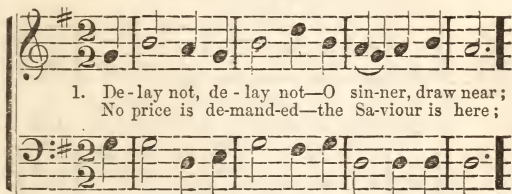
Home, home—sweet, sweet home,—
Receive me, dear Saviour, to glory, my home.

THE PROMISES.

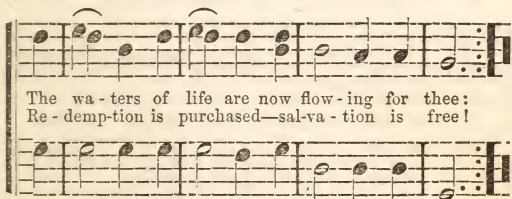
[Adapted to the tune on the following page.]

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
2. In every condition, in sickness or health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
5. Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

DELAY NOT. 11s.



1. De-lay not, de-lay not—O sin-ner, draw near;
No price is de-mand-ed—the Sa-viour is here;

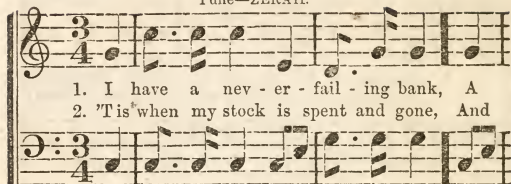


The wa-ters of life are now flow-ing for thee:
Re-demp-tion is pur-chased—sal-va-tion is free!

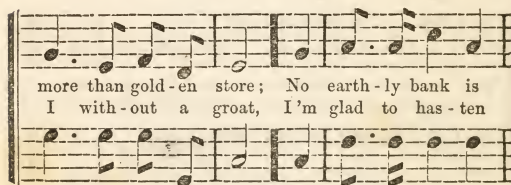
2. Delay not, delay not—why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pard'ning blood?
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come—
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

THE BANK OF HEAVEN. C. M.

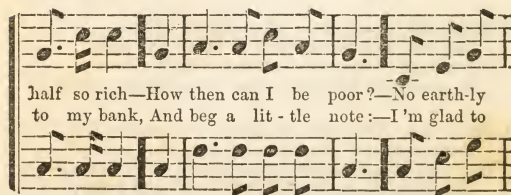
Tune—ZERAH.



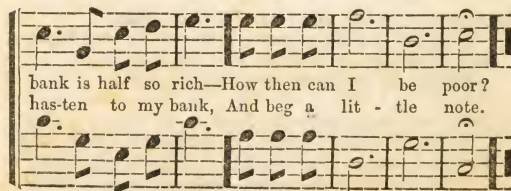
1. I have a nev - er - fail - ing bank, A
 2. 'Tis when my stock is spent and gone, And



more than gold - en store; No earth - ly bank is
 I with - out a groat, I'm glad to has - ten



half so rich—How then can I be poor?—No earth - ly
 to my bank, And beg a lit - tle note:—I'm glad to



bank is half so rich—How then can I be poor?
 has - ten to my bank, And beg a lit - tle note.

3. Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says
 " Why don't you oft'ner come ?
And, when you draw a little note,
 Why not a larger sum ?
4. " Why live so niggardly and poor ?
 Your bank contains a plenty ;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
 When you might have a twenty ?
5. " Yea, twenty thousand, ten times told,
 Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
 Secure in God his Son."
6. Since then my Banker is so rich,
 I have no cause to borrow :
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
 And draw again to-morrow.
7. I've been a thousand times before,
 And never was rejected ;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
 Than ask'd for or expected.
8. Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
 I've managed things so clever ;
But ah ! before the day was gone
 I've felt as poor as ever.
9. Sometimes with blushes on my face,
 Just at the door I stand ;
I know if Moses keep me back,
 I surely must be damn'd.
10. I know my bank will never break—
 No, it can never fail :
The firm—Three persons in one God ;
 Jehovah—Lord of all !
11. Should all the banks of Britain break,
 The Bank of England smash—
Bring in your notes to Zion's bank,
 You'll surely have your cash.

12. And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace—
The Banker is within.
13. All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.
14. 'Tis only those beloved of God,
Redeem'd by precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
These are the gifts of God.
15. Though thousand ransom'd souls may say,
They have no notes at all—
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruin'd by the fall:
16. This bank is full of precious notes,
All sign'd, and seal'd, and free—
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.
17. Base unbelief will lead the child
To say what is not true;
I tell the soul who feels self-lost,
These notes belong to you.
18. The leper had a little note—
"Lord, if thou wilt thou can!"
The Banker cash'd his little note,
And heal'd the sickly man.
19. We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the Banker's book of grace,
This man was never found.
20. But see the wretched dying thief,
Hang by the Banker's side:
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash—and died.

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THE

Golden Harp;

A

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION

OF

CAMP-MEETING HYMNS,

SELECTED BY G. W. HENRY,

AUTHOR OF TRAVELS IN EGYPT, TWILIGHT AND BEULAH,

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE OPINION OF TWELVE OF THE EARLY
FATHERS OF METHODISM ON THE SUBJECT OF DEVOTIONAL
SINGING, ALSO THE NOTIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS
SELECTION CONCURRING WITH THE FATHERS.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. 1 Thess. i, 21.

AUBURN :

WILLIAM J. MOSES.

1856.

1911

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P R E F A C E.

“Why should the devil have the best tunes?” was oft the language of the Wesleys, of Rowland Hill, George Whitefield, Hugh Bourne, and other champions of the cross. Every person is aware of the almost omnipotent influence of national ballads on national morals, and thus on the formation of national character. “Hence,” said a daring sinner, “I care not a straw who makes the laws of a nation, if I may but make the ballads.” And perhaps it is not too much to say, that when the Angel of Doom shall read the history of ballads, it will be seen that they have corrupted the morals, polluted the hearts, and damned the souls of millions. The first race of Methodists gave a mighty check to profane song singing in the following manner:—Whenever they found that the devil had got a tune that seemed to charm the people, some one immediately composed a hymn, or spiritual song, to that tune, and thus cheated Satan out of both tune and singers: and thousands in later

times have imitated these fathers of Methodism in this respect, with glorious success. Witness Edward Brookes, Esq., George Nicholson, Charles Richardson, Rev. — Mortimore, Edward Brown, John Cliffe, the Primitive Methodists, Revivalists, Ann Carr, R. Winfield, &c., &c.

In this place an important question will naturally arise—Have the ballads become popular from the beauty and simplicity of the airs to which they have been set, or otherwise? We boldly answer—While we believe that thousands of our youth are polluted by the influence of the jerry-shop, play-house, infidelity, and of bad example, that they would prefer an obscene song, with any tune, to even the holy psalms of David, or the next-to inspired hymns of Wesley, Watts or Montgomery; yet, at the same time, we have no hesitation in saying that it has been the tunes, rather than the words, that have drawn away so many of our Sabbath scholars; and it is from this that we infer the salutary tendency of an attempt to redeem our best popular airs, by adapting them to the songs of Zion. We have long listened to all that has been advanced against the introduction of song tunes into the worship of God; and all that we mean to say in reply, in this place, shall be in the language of an old divine:—"Why, there are only seven or eight notes to all the tunes in the world, and they all

belong to Jesus Christ; so that, if the devil wants any fresh ones, he must make them." The plain fact is, psalm or hymn tunes (so called) can be adapted to any song of the same metre. Witness the "Old Hundred," which is oft sung in the most filthy obscene song in the devil's book. But shall the church of Christ abandon its claims to so good and solemn a tune on that account? No!

We are not pleading for the introduction of those light songs and tunes with a view to supersede those of Charles Wesley or Dr. Watts. No, no, no! All that we ask is, let them be judiciously introduced into our infant and Sabbath schools, family worship, protracted and revival meetings, love feasts, prayer meetings, open air services, class meetings, tea meetings, &c., &c., and we have no fear but they will be attended with the blessing of God. We have known thousands attracted to the house of the Lord by such singing, and what is far better attracted to the cross. It will be quite soon enough to vindicate the use of song tunes in the worship of God, when any Christian shall bring a scriptural or common sense objection against it.

"If we don't use such tunes to advantage, the devil will."—Rev. J. M.

"While lukewarm ministers are stopping warm-hearted young Christians from singing song tunes in

the house of the Lord, the children of this world, who are wiser than the children of light, use them to fill the tap-room, theatre, jerry-shop, &c.”—*Rev. J. C.*

“Brother Cliffe converts more sinners by his lively singing, than some fifty of us do by our preaching.”—*An American Minister.*

“I have known the ranters enter a town at a time when the place has been nearly flooded with political and infidel excitement—and with their lively singing sweep the whole place.”—*Rev. G. H.*

“I have attended feasts, pleasure fairs, horse-racings, &c., with a band of lively singers, and have often succeeded in drawing hundreds of the young from Satan’s sports.”—*Rev. J. S.*

“It is foolishness to say that singing song tunes in the house of God will revive old feelings; it will raise feelings of holy gratitude to think that we are not singing the tunes to the devil’s songs. Let thousands of converted souls, who now sing Zion’s songs to those tunes, testify to the truth of this assertion.”—*Rev. J. C.*

“Look at the teetotalers, how they have succeeded in taking tunes from Bacchus, and will any one say that the singing such tunes is a temptation to them to go back to drink again?”—*Rev. F. B.*

“I long to see the devil a bankrupt for good tunes.”—*Rev. G. P.*

In conclusion, we can not do better than give the following from the Rev. R. Chester's Penny Selection of Revival Hymns.

WESLEY'S DIRECTIONS FOR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Abridged.

“That this part of divine worship may be more acceptable to God, as well as more profitable to yourself and others, be careful to observe the following directions:—

“1. Sing *all*. See that you join with the congregation as frequently as you can. Let not a slight degree of weakness or weariness hinder you. If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find a blessing.

2. “Sing *lustily*, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sung the songs of Satan.

“3. Sing *modestly*. Do not bawl, so as to be heard above, or distinct from the rest of the congregation; that you may not destroy the harmony; but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear, melodious sound.

“4. Sing in *time*. Whenever time is sung, be sure to keep with it. Do not run before, nor stay behind

it; but attend closely to the leading voices, and move therewith as exactly as you can; and take care you sing not too slow. This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy; and it is high time to drive it out from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.

“5. Above all, sing *spiritually*. Have an eye to God in every word you sing. Aim at pleasing him more than yourself, or any other creature. In order to this, attend strictly to the sense of what you sing; and see that your heart is not carried away with the sound, but offered to God continually; so shall your singing be such as the Lord will approve of here, and reward when he cometh in the clouds of heaven.—*See Works*, vol. xiv., p. 358.

“‘I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.’—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

“Singing, to be suitable, must include every variety of manner; slow and solemn—soft and gentle—sweet and warbling—quick and lively—sprightly and energetic—loud and rapid: each in turn, and mingled and modified, according to time, place, and occasion. Singing is for the worship of God; or the benefit of man; or both. Let the aim always be, not show, but effect. Whether the lines be praise or prayer, warning, invitation, instruction, exhortation, encouragement or consolation, try to sing them with effect.

But there can be little or no effect where there is sameness. Sameness effectually destroys effect. A solemn tune takes most effect where there is usually the most sprightly singing, and *vice versa*. The same tunes should be sung much quicker in a class-meeting, or a small prayer-meeting, than in a large congregation; much quicker on a week-night, than at a Sabbath evening service. A skillful variety is the very life and soul of singing."

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

From the Revivalist, 1837.

"A revival of religion is always a revival of singing.* It was so at the Reformation. But congregational singing was no invention of the reformers.

"It was the renewal, Mr. Latrobe remarks, of a practice adopted in the earlier ages of the church, which had, indeed, decayed amid the general corruption, but which was ever renewed with the least semblance of real religion. Thus the Albigenses, during the hottest season of their persecutions, are represented as cheering themselves, in the very prospect of death, with singing the psalms and hymns of their church. In the same manner, the disciples of Wickliffe and John

* Rev. W. C. Miller, Wesleyan minister, converted thousands with his lively singing; and all his hymns go in song tunes.

Huss cherished psalmody, as richly conducing to godliness. The Bohemian brethren published a hymn book with notes, from which it is evident, that the melodies therein used originated in the chants to which the ancient Latin hymns of the church were sung. The reformers of the succeeding century, Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, Beza, Knox, and Zuinglius, equally encouraged congregational psalmody. Among these, however, Luther stands preeminent. He was a man of great musical talent, fostered by the opportunities afforded him in the Romish church, of which he seems to have availed himself with the same largeness of soul which characteriezd his actions in a more important field of labor. The high estimation in which he held music, was the result of a cultivated taste and an accurate knowledge of mankind. 'I verily think,' said he, 'and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music.' 'We know that music is intolerable to demons.' With this idea, therefore, we need not wonder that he made it a prominent feature in his public services. The tunes introduced by him were of the same choral stamp as those of the United Brethren.

"In England, already in the reign of Henry VIII, psalms were much sung by all who loved the Reformation. Some poets, such as the times afforded, translated David's psalms into verse; and it was a sign by

which men's affections to that work were everywhere measured, whether they used to sing these or not. A clause in the Act of Uniformity, 1548, authorized this practice: 'Provided also, that it shall be lawful for all men, as well in churches, chapels, oratories, or other places, to use openly, any psalm or prayer, taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service, or any part thereof, mentioned in the said book.' The general practice 'was, to sing before and after morning and evening prayer, and also before and after the sermon.' When Sternhold's psalms which had been at first 'composed for his own solace,' were completed by Hopkins and others, this clause in the act gave authority for the public use in their church. The allowance permitted to this version was, in the opinion of Heylin, 'rather a connivance than an approbation, no such allowance being anywhere found by such as have been most industrious and concerned in the search.' So great was the zeal with which the reformers cultivated psalmody, that psalms and hymns are termed, by Burney, the opera songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the year 1551, Roger Ascham thus writes from Augsburg: 'Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city, is but a trifle.' According to Beza, the Huguenots, at Paris, assembled in the *Prez aux Cheres*, 'and did nothing for many nights but go

about in great numbers singing psalms,' joined by the king and queen of Navarre. About the same time writes Bishop Jewel to Peter Martyr:—'A change now appears visible among the people; which nothing promotes more than the inviting them to sing psalms. This was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself, not only through the city, but in the neighboring places; sometimes, at Paul's Cross, there will be six thousand people singing together.'*

"NOTE FROM TODD.

"Almost every nation—perhaps all nations—have national airs by which the love of country is deepened, and a national feeling is created and maintained. The popular air, 'Yankee Doodle,' will, probably, create an American feeling as long as our nation exists; and the airs, 'God save the King,' and 'Rule Britannia,' will never cease to call the heart of the Briton to his own glorious isle. The soldier from Switzerland and from the highlands of Scotland will weep at the national airs which call their hearts home to the place of their birth and childhood."

* It is a settled intention of the compiler of this book to send companies of Christian men and women to all parts of the nation, to sing these "Spiritual Songs," and sell the book.

For inasmuch as the fathers of Methodism have so fully given their opinion not only of the power of sacred music but also the manner in which it should be performed in congregational singing, in prayer and class meeting exercises, we think it would not be out of place that one of their children in 1854 should respond and say from the bottom of their heart AMEN. We like the foundations, walls and furniture, and all the machinery established by the fathers of the church, as being one of the best nets for catching fish ever let down from one of Zion's ships, since the days of John and Peter. Hallelujah to Jesus! who will undertake to count the millions that have already been caught within its sacred meshes and drawn to the land of Canaan. Millions more are on the way and yet the net is not broken! Let us hold fast to all things that have been proved to be good, and cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's land mark, especially the good old mode of congregational singing. We would as soon be caught robbing our father and mother of their breakfast and give it to the dogs, as to take the old-fashioned congregational mode of singing from the fathers and mothers of the church, and hand it over to the unconverted, with a few exceptions, to sound a few notes somewhere about the pinnacle of the temple, singing very beautifully to their own glory. This is burning incense in God's temple while its odors are

snuffed up by worms. We believe there is as much propriety in letting out our praying, and all other duties that revolve around the cross, as that of singing praises to God, because they are a little more gifted. Singing, like preaching and praying, must have a God in it, in order to melt the heart and edify the saints who alone can duly appreciate the joyful sound.

Wesley says, sing all; sing lustily. We would not exclude by any means in our humble opinion the unconverted from mingling their voices with all saints in this delightful exercise; we believe with the Wesleys in robbing the devil of his best tunes, turning them over to the glory of God. Whether we are to take his instruments and bring them into the church, is exceedingly doubtful in our minds; but one thing seems clear to us, that they can not be used alternately for the prince of light and the prince of darkness, and please God, any more than the skillful musician that plays on them can do it. We ought always to make it a rule when we sing praises to God to do like Jenny Lind; she does her very best to please her audience. Let us recollect that Jesus and angels are always our auditory. Whatever exercise religious duty calls us to do, let us be like Herodius, who so pleased the king he promised her half of his kingdom. He that can sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, will not only make melody in his own heart

here, but he will assuredly strike the Golden Harp unto him that loved us, in a kingdom diverse from all other kingdoms, which shall be given unto him who is never happy except in the smiles of his adorable King. Some brethren and sisters seem to think they have a perfect right to wrap their singing talent in a napkin and use it only when they feel in the humor for singing. Wake up, brother, wake up, sister; your master soon will come to reckon with you; this is no doubt one cause of your cold heart. But you say we have but one talent. God says improve it or lose your soul. When we were converted, twelve years ago, we could scarcely sing a verse. Oh! how much we regretted it; but when the Holy Ghost began to diffuse the love of God through soul, body and spirit, we struck in with the brethren and were carried along with the tide, and now we would not take a farthing for our singing talent, little as it is. Then, brethren, let us use the harp that our heavenly Father has given us; keep it well tuned up and soon the poorest of us will outsing Jenny Lind. Glory to Jesus, my heart is in a flame. Sing on, shout on, glory, hallelujah. We have selected about forty or fifty hymns from an old London hymn book which we believe began with the first dawning of Methodism, most of which we think has never been published in America, and we intend to add to our little Golden Harp about 150 pages,

together with the opinion of a number of the early Fathers on the subject of congregational singing. We have selected of course according to our own taste; they are as honey from the rock falling into our soul; they shall speak for themselves for they are all of age; they carry the gray hairs of more than a century. Let every hair be turned into a harpstring. Learn them by heart, brethren. Teach them to your children; sing them at your morning and evening sacrifice, sing them at your campmeetings, sing them at your love feasts, sing them at your prayer and classmeetings and social circles; sing lustily sing with your whole soul, and you will find that sinners will again crowd your prayer meetings as they did forty years ago, to hear Methodist singing, and melt under its power and give their hearts to God and with pure and holy hand strike the bold anthems unto him that loved us out of every kindred tongue and nation under heaven, and let all the people clap their hands and shout aloud AMEN.

G. W. HENRY.

Frankfort, 1854

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN 1.

Come parents, children, bond and free,
And play on the golden harp,
Say, will you go to Heaven with me,
To play on the golden harp?

CHORUS.—O play on the golden harp,
Play on the golden harp.
I want to go where Jesus is,
To play on the golden harp.

It is religion makes the soul—
It makes the wounded spirit whole.

Hear, ye worldlings, hear my song—
'Tis the language of my tongue

I know the time, I know the day—
When Jesus washed my sins away.

My soul feels happy while I sing—
I feel that I am on the wing.

Who then will march to win the prize—
And take the kingdom in the skies?

O how I long on Canaan's land
To join the holy, happy band.

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

- 1 Come thou who didst turn the water to wine,
And fill with thy love this poor heart of mine;
I am not contented with what is gone past,
I know by experience the best wine runs last.
- CHORUS.—Hallelujah to Jesus! who died on a tree.
And purchased this wine of the kingdom for me.
- 2 Thou know'st I desire thy fullness to prove,
The height and the depth of thy dying love;
My sins, which were many, behind thee are cast,
But still I want cleansing, the best wine runs last.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art the source; the channel, thy Son,
Through him by the Spirit to us doth it run;
By faith we receive it, how sweet to the taste;
And now it is flowing, the best wine runs last.
- 4 In Christ we believe his blood is applied,
Then onward we press to be full sanctified.
This is the best blessing of all which are past,
But glory is promised, the best wine runs last.

 NEGRO SONG.

Tune—Oh, that will be joyful.

Negro walk de golden street,
Cast his crown at Jesu feet,
And sing de happy song.
Oh! dat will be joyful.

Negro friends hab cross'd de flood,
Join'd dat army bought with blood—
Dem looking out for me.

God will wipe poor negro tears,
Banish all his doubts and fears,
Den we in heaben shall dwell.

Den me weep and die no more,
Negro shout his conflict's o'er,
And join his friends again.

Buckra massa me shall see,
Tell him Jesu die for me,
He tell me dis on earth.

Negro wear a starry crown,
And on massa's throne sit down,
Oh, happy, happy place.

You get home ere negro do,
Tell dem negro coming too,
Him on his happy way.

Should poor negro first get home,
He come to meet you when you come,
Den fly with you to heaben.

Me tink poor negro almost dere,
Me happy now mid toil and care,
Thank God me on my way.

But I must bid you all adieu,
May Jesu massa be wid you.
Me bid you all farewell.

But when we meet in heaben above,
To sing of Jesu dying love,
Our bliss no tongue can tell.
Oh, dat will be joyful.

JOHN STAMP.

SONG OF THE PIOUS SLAVE.

Tune—Highland Mountains.

De poor negro he will go—some one day,
Over de mountains, over de snow—far away.
Over de mountains big and high—some one day,
To dat country in de sky—far away.

De poor negro will be free—some one day,
Jesu say, come reign wid me—far away;
Jesu massa, call me home—some one day;
Yes, him sinile and bid me come—far away.

Sin no more make my heart rove—some one day,
When landed wid the host above—far away:
Driver lash my back no more—some one day,
When waisted to dat happy shore—far away.

Wife and children not be sold—some one day;
Negro walk yon streets of gold—far away;
My good massa say well done—some one day,
Den me dwell wid de Holy One—far away.

De poor negro wear a crown—some one day,
And on massa's throne sit down—far away;
Oh! how happy me shall be—some one day,
Come poor white man, come wid me—far away

Den me meet my friends again—some one day,
Praise de Lamb for negro slain—far away,
Den me rest my weary soul—some one day,
Where endless joys in torrents roll—far away.

When I dwelt down in Egypt's land,
Jesus on the way,
I heard there was a promised land,
Jesus on the way;
Get ready, get ready and let's go home;
Jesus on the way:
Get ready, get ready and let's go home;
Jesus on the way.

2. There is a tree in Paradise, Jesus,
That Christians call the tree of life;
Get ready:
3. I have some friends in Paradise, &c.,
They now enjoy eternal life, Jesus;
Get ready:
4. I'll tell you where I first was blest,
T'was away in the tented wilderness;
Get ready:
5. Oh, that the Lord would our labors bless,
And fill the world with righteousness,
Get ready:
6. Oh haint we had a happy time, Jesus;
A eating honey and a drinking wine, Jesus;
Get ready.
7. If ever I reach the other shore, Jesus;
I never will come back no more, Jesus;
Get ready, &c.,
8. They say that we're a noisy crew, Jesus;
And that ain't half, we are happy too.

9. I will suffer on like good old Job,
Then go up and wear my robe,
Get ready.
 10. Then we will walk the golden streets,
And lay our crown at Jesus on the way.
-

FAITH VIEWING THE CROWN.

1. SAYS faith, Look yonder, there's my crown,
Laid up in heaven above;
Says hope, Anon it shall be mine;
I long to wear 't, says love.
Desire says, What! is there my crown?
Then to that place I'll flee,
Through Christ I'll claim it as my own,
My rest I fain would see.
2. Then faith, he takes a pleasing view,
Hope waits, love sits and sings,
Desire, she flutters to be gone,
But patience clips her wings.
But stop! says patience, wait awhile,
The crown's for those that fight,
The prize for those that run the race
By faith, and not by sight.
3. Desire then knocks at duty's door;
Hope to obedience cries,
Unite we will with all our power,
And then shall faith arise.
Alas! says works, ashamed we stand,
No merit we obtain;
'Tis faith and love joined hand in hand,
That must the entrance gain.

4. Says faith to works, Now children hear,
Your mother, love, and me,
Quite dead and useless must appear,
Without your company.
Then faith and works join hand in hand,
With love united too,
All travel to the godly land,
And bid this world adieu.
-

THE SHIP SAFETY, BOUND FOR CANAAN

COME, all my dear brethren, we've entered on board,
And witness'd free pardon by faith in the Lord;
Though tossed on the ocean, don't fear, he hath said,
"But be of good cheer, and be not afraid."

The wind and the tide may beat hard on each side.
But, if Christ speaks a calm, the proud waves soon
subside;

We out-brave all dangers, no fears can invade,
For the Lord he protects us, so be not afraid.

The perils of sea, the rocks, waves and wind,
The clouds, storms and tempests may prove most
unkind;

But Christ still upholds us, on him help is laid,
And ever stands ready, so be not afraid.

With darkness surrounded, by terror distressed,
Quite fearful and weak, when such dangers infest;
With toiling and rowing, strength almost decayed,
The promise still stands, so be not afraid.

Christ, then, is our pilot, our compass his word,
All storms we defy, while we sail with the Lord;
No foes need attack us, they can not invade,
While the Lord says, I am here, come be not afraid.

NOAH'S ARK.

You all are invited with Christ to embark
 On board his rich ship, the ancient Noah's ark,
 Which was launched at Eden, has long been at sea,
 And comes into harbor for you and for me.

CHORUS.—All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree.
 And launched this vessel of mercy for me.

I enter'd on board her, for who could delay.
 Where so many could sing, could praise, and could
 pray?

Our captain is Jesus, his mercy is great;
 Our labor is heavenly, our bounty is sweet.

Thrice blessed be he who launched her at first,
 And rigg'd her, and stor'd her on purpose for us;
 God's love so amazing, is still her main sail;
 She's plank'd with salvation quite down to the keel.

Provisions on board, and clothing great store,
 (Provided by wisdom design'd for the poor);
 The robes of salvation, with which our great Lord
 Will clothe all your souls when you're entered on
 board.

This vessel was built and completed by grace,
 Was fitted and stor'd for burthen and chase;
 From her bow to her stern she's strongly secured,
 Her cargo is wealthy, and wisely insur'd.

The winds and the waves he still holds in his hand,
 And likewise her foes are all at his command;
 Near six thousand years she's been cruising the
 main,
 And mann'd with the ransomed she harbors again.

Our Captain we'll praise, who took us on board,
 In safety we are if we sail with the Lord;
 Bound to the fair haven, our port we shall gain,
 In spite of all dangers in crossing the main.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Tune—"The Mistletoe Bough."

WHAT vessel are you sailing in?
 Declare to us the same.
 Our vessel is the ark of God,
 And Christ's our Captain's name.

CHORUS.—Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
 Each sailor ply the oar;
 Though storms and tempests may arise,
 We soon shall reach the shore.

And are you not afraid some storm
 Your bark will overwhelm?
 We can not fear—the Lord is here;
 Our Father's at the helm.

Our compass is the sacred word,
 Our anchor's blooming hope,
 The love of God's our maintop-sail,
 And faith's our cable rope.

We've look'd astern on many toils,
 Which Christ has brought us thro';
 We're looking now ahead, and lo!
 The land appears in view.

Send out your boats—we'll go on board,
 If you can find us room.

We've room for you and all the world:
Make no delay, but come.

The sun is up, the clouds are gone;
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight;
We're getting round the pier.

When all the storms of life are past,
And we the port obtain,
We'll praise the Lamb in noble strains,
Who died and rose again.

THE gospel ship is sailing,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
They 're wanting sailors daily,
Singing glory, hallelujah.

CHORUS.—They say we are a noisy crew,
But that's not all, we're happy too,
For we have the port in view,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

There's tens of thousands now on board,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
All sailing on at Jesus' word,
To glory, hallelujah.

She's rich provisions in her store,
Sing glory, hallelujah.
For all on board, and millions more,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

Her sails are spread, the gale does blow,
Sing glory, hallelujah;
Come, sinners, with the Christians go
To glory, hallelujah.

She's well prepared for the war,
If 'totes she chance to meet,
Her mighty guns and glittering swords
Shall lay them at her feet.

King Jesus is our pilot wise,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
He'll guide our ship to Paradise,
Sing glory, hallelujah.
And when we land on Canaan's shore,
Where all our troubles will be o'er,
We'll praise the Lamb for evermore,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

MERCY'S FREE.

WHAT is this that rises in my soul,
Is it grace, is it grace?
That makes my life of sin look foul,
Is it grace, is it grace?
This work that's in my soul begun,
It makes me strive all sin to shun,
And plants my soul beneath the throne,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

Great God of love, I can't but wonder,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Though I've no price at all to tender,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Though mercy's free our God is just,
And if a soul should e'er be lost,
This will torment the sinner most,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Swell, swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Death and hell shall fall before us;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Believe, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
And washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

This thro' the toils of life shall cheer us;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And thro' the vale of death shall bear us;
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And when to Jordan's brink we come,
And cross the raging billows' foam,
We'll sing when safely landed home,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

SWEET PRAYER.

WHEN torn is the bosom by anguish and care,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer! sweet prayer!

United with faith, there is nothing like prayer,

When forced from those friends we love dearest to
part.
What fond recollections still rise in our heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh! how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer,
Prayer! sweet prayer!
United with faith, there is nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms
The syren sings sweetly or silently charms—

We listen, look, loiter, exposed to the snare,
 Till flying to Jesus we conquer by prayer.
 Prayer! sweet prayer!
 United with faith, there is nothing like prayer.

If strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
 But enjoyment of God is secured by this,
 And when with bright seraphs we ecstasy share
 We then shall possess the fruition of prayer.
 Prayer! sweet prayer!
 United with faith, there is nothing like prayer.

PRAISE God for what he's done for me,
 I once was blind, but now I see;
 I on the brink of ruin fell,
 Glory to God! I'm out of hell.

CHORUS—Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

Praise God for what he's done for us,
 He's tuned our hearts to praise him thus.
 And now he cries, Go on, go on,
 I'll crown you when your work is done.

SWELLINGS OF JORDAN.

Poor Christian, look up to the joys set before thee,
 And haste on thy way to the regions of glory,
 A crown and a kingdom thy faith may discover;
 Thy troubles are great, but they soon will be over;
 For Jesus hath suffered, thy soul to deliver,
 And light up thy passage through Jordan's dark river

The world, flesh, and Satan, their forces are sending;
With footmen and horses thy soul is contending.
But dost thou grow weary and faint with thy burden?
Then what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?
Oh! cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,
And he will support thee while crossing the river.

But in thy true character am I mistaken?
Hast thou by thy conduct thy Savior forsaken?
Then come again to him for peace and for pardon,
And ask for his aid in the swellings of Jordan.
Thy soul from all danger he then will deliver,
And nothing shall harm you while crossing the river.

PART II.

Christ is a sure guide to the children of Zion,
But if thou hast any false props to rely on,
Thy soul is deluded, think what thou art doing;
Oh! cast them away, or they'll sink thee to ruin;
For none but Jehovah has power to deliver,
And bear up thy soul in the midst of the river.

The clouds gather blackness, the night is fast coming,
The river swells high, and the billows are foaming;
On what wilt thou lean when thy strength is all wasted,
Thy reeds will all fail, and thy hopes will be blasted;
Oh! cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,
And nothing shall harm thee while crossing the river.

But if on his mercy thy soul is relying,
Thou never need'st fear either living or dying,
The footmen and horses shall fall down before thee,
And Jordan shall open thy passage to glory.
Then, when thou art landed safe over the river,
When time is no more thou shalt praise him for ever.

THE BEGGAR.

Tune—Freemason's Hymn.

I HAVE become a beggar at the end of my days
And all my delight is to give God the praise,
For he has reliev'd me again and again,
And soon he will ease all my trouble and pain.

CHORUS—And so it came to pass, that the beggar,
when he died,
In Abraham's bosom his spirit did reside.

If I had a died when I had been young,
'The trade of a beggar I never had known;
But since it is not so, with my God I will comply,
And I hope to be a beggar until the day I die.

I have done well with begging since I first set out,
I've begged a kingdom without any doubt;
A crown for my head, and a harp for my hand,
And I'm making home to glory at Jesus' command.

Come all faithful beggars, fresh courage now take,
And beg your way through, and his ways don't forsake;
But knock at mercy's door, Christ will not you deny,
'There's a crown and a kingdom for you by and by.

It's true I am a beggar, that's very well known,
I'm begging my way to a kingdom and a crown;
When my begging is ended and my bag I lay down,
Though a beggar on earth, yet all heaven's my own.

THE GOSPEL LIFE BOAT.

ALL hands on board, the Captain cries,
Let every sinner hear;
Along the beach the vessel lies,
And is about to clear.
Bound for the the haven of repose,
To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Where care and pain no bosom knows,
But joys for ever more.

CHORUS—O'er life's rough sea we mean to sail,
Till we the harbor gain;
Blow' gentle gale, fill every sail,
And waft us o'er the main.

Should foes o'erhaul us on the way,
And ask from whence we came,
We answer, from destruction's bay,
And Israel is our name.
Or should they wish our bark to board,
Or seem inclin'd for war,
We'll every man gird on his sword,
And for the fight prepare.

THE SHIP SAFETY BOUND FOR CANAAN.

Tune—Canaan.

WE'RE outward bound, with all the fleet,
And Jesus is our leader;
Free grace has brought us to his feet;
Heaven's glorious interceder.
Canaan! blest Canaan!
We are bound to the land of Canaan;
For Canaan is our place of rest;
Will you go to the land of Canaan?

Our anchor's weighed from earth and sin;
Our sails are spread and flowing;
We mean a glorious prize to win,
In the land to which we're going.

Canaan! rich Canaan!

All hands for the land of Canaan!
For Canaan is our "father-land,"
Will you sail with us for Canaan?

We've joined the Lord High Admiral's ship;
His standard now is waiving;
We'll range along across the deep;
Sailors and soldiers saving.

Canaan! great Canaan!

Starboard for the land of Canaan!
"Keep a good look out there—fore and aft,"
Will you hail for the land of Canaan?

Our number yet is not complete;
We've berths and glorious wages:
Bear a hand—be quick, and join the fleet,
And read our sacred pages.

Canaan! grand Canaan!

"Crowns of gold," in the land of Canaan;
Eternal life our pension is;
Will you ship for the land of Canaan?

Our ship's well mann'd and stor'd, and arm'd,
With magazines for fighting;
Fear not, then; come be not alarmed;
'Tis "God in Christ," inviting.

Canaan! strong Canaan!

No foes in the land of Canaan;
And Canaan ne'er can conquered be
Will you sail with us for Canaan?

Should storms arise 'midst rocks and shoals,
And death come off to seize us,
Redeeming blood secures our souls,
The precious blood of Jesus.

Canaan! high Canaan!
We'll sing in the land of Canaan;
From every kindred, tribe and tongue,
Will you go to the blood-bought Canaan?

A few more tacks, main topsail haul,
And the wind will be fair for Canaan;
The last tack made, with "haul of all;"
Then bear away for Canaan.

Canaan! calm Canaan!
"No Sea" in the land of Canaan;
"No night, no curse," or foe-ships there,
For the glorious Lord's in Canaan.

The harbor made, full sail we steer,
With Calv'ry's standard raised;
What millions wait our course to cheer!
Free grace, rich grace, be praised!
Canaan! full Canaan!

All the saints in the land of Canaan!
Let go the anchor, furl the sails,
We've arrived in the land of Canaan.

Shout vict'ry o'er sin, death and hell,
Through Calv'ry's crimson fountain;
All hands in glory, sing and tell
Of the blood-besprinkled mountain.
Canaan! blest Canaan!

A marriage feast in Canaan;
Triumph and glory! and endless joys!
Come sail for the port of Canaan!

THE CANAAN TRAVELER.

YE vain worldly pleasures, we bid you adieu,
A heavenly country we have in our view;
From earth we are rising at Jesus' command,
By faith we'll go up and possess the good land.

CHORUS.—Press forward, press forward. the prize is
in view,
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

From Egypt's hard bondage our souls are set free,
And now we are walking in sweet liberty;
All may unite with our conquering band,
And with us go up and possess the good land.
Press forward, &c.

The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way,
But Jesus our captain is greater than they;
The power of Jehovah they can not withstand;
Therefore, we'll go up and possess the good land.
Press forward, &c

Through faith in his blood we can trample on sin,
Arrayed in his might we the battle shall win;
The sword of the Spirit is in our right hand,
With this we'll go up and possess the good land.
Press forward, &c.

Now. now, to the brink of the river we're come,
Our heaven-born spirits would fain be at home;
Lo! Jordan rolls back at our Jesus' command;
He bids us go up and possess the good land.
Press forward, &c.

Soon as we arrive on celestial ground,
 With honor and glory our heads shall be crown'd,
 And conquering palms we shall hold in our hand,
 And dwell with our King in the heavenly land.

Press forward. &c.

GOD IS LOVE.

Tune—Will you go?

WHAT sound is this thro' heaven resounding—God is
 love?

From earth I hear the song rebounding—God is love.
 Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
 Love is his nature, love his name,
 My soul in rapture cries the same—God is love.

This song repeat, ye saints in glory—God is love;
 And saints on earth, shout back the story—God is love.
 In this let heaven and earth agree
 To sound his love both full and free.
 And let the theme for ever be—God is love.

Creation's thousand tongues proclaiming—God is love.
 And Providence unites, exclaiming—God is love.
 But let the burden'd sinner hear
 The gospel sounding loud and clear
 To every soul both far and near—God is love.

This heavenly love all round is flowing—God is love;
 And in my heart the fire is glowing—God is love.
 That God is love, I know full well,
 And had I power his love to tell,
 With loudest notes my songs should swell—God is
 love.

The love of God is now my pleasure—God is love,
This, only this, shall be my treasure—God is love;
This theme shall be my song below,
And, when I home to glory go,
This strain eternally shall flow—God is love.

ADDRESS TO SAILORS.

YE sons of the main, who sail over the flood,
Whose sins are like mountains, and reach up to God,
Remember the last voyage of life will soon end;
So now, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

Look astern on your life, see your way marked with
sin;
Look ahead, see what danger you are foundering in:
If the black rocks of death beat forth on your keel,
Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep;
Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink in the
deep;
Lay by your old compass, it will do you no good.
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God.

Fling your luff, brother sailor, the breeze is now fair;
Trim your sails to the wind, boys, the storm you'll
soon clear;
You are sailing to Jesus, keep him in full view,
You'll weather all danger, he'll guide you safe through.

RENOUNCE your old master, the devil, straightway,
Or the crew that you sail with will lead you astray;
Desert the black colors, fly over to red,
For Jesus, your captain, has conquered and bled.

His colors are flying, they wave in the air.
And volunteers are coming both far off and near;
Embark, then, with Jesus, no longer delay,
Good usage he'll give you, good wages he'll pay.

Good usage he'll give you, when the voyage it begins,
He will free your transgressions and pardon your
 sins;
Though storms you will meet with when sailing that
 way,
Yet soon you will anchor in heaven's broad bay.

Your tarpauling jackets no longer you'll wear,
But robes dipt in glory, all pure, white, and fair,
With crowns on your head that will dazzle the sun,
From glory to glory eternally run.

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

SINNERS, come, let's fly to Jesus!
 Oh, how he loves!
From our thralldom he'll release us,
 Oh, how he loves!
Oh, glad we are to hear him
Bid such sinful worms come near him,
Why should we distrust or fear him?
 Oh, how he loves!

It's eternal life to know him,
 Oh, how he loves!
Think, oh, think, how much we owe him,
 Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he kindly brought us;
 Oh, how he loves!

Come, and in his arms he'll take us,
Oh, how he loves!
Never leave us, nor forsake us,
Oh, how he loves!
Men may slight and disrespect us,
But their wrath shall not affect us,
Jesus will from harm protect us;
Oh, how he loves!

When the spark of life is waning,
Oh, how he loves!
When the languid eye is straining,
Oh, how he loves!
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul releasing;
Oh, how he loves!

When the pangs of death assail thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Christ is thine, he can not fail thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Yes, though death and hell endeavor,
From his love thy soul to sever,
Jesus is thy strength for ever;
Oh, how he loves!

Soon in heaven we'll adore him,
Oh, how he loves!
Cast our glitt'ring crowns before him,
Oh, how he loves!
When the victory is completed,
And around his throne we're seated,
'Then we'll sing and still repeat it;
Oh, how he loves.

CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

THE multitude is going away,
 But Jesus bids his people stay;
 A little while with Jesus stop,
 And gather all the fragments up.

There's bread and fish for you and me,
 And plenty more for two or three;
 Who would not, then, with Jesus stop,
 And gather all the fragments up?

There's wine new from the lees refined
 If you for glory are inclined;
 Come, then, with us and Jesus stop,
 And gather all the fragments up.

Come, and partake the rich repast,
 The best comes, oftentimes, at the last;
 Your baskets fill up to the top,
 In love pack all the fragments up.

 SOLDIERS' HYMN.

COME, soldiers, can't you arise and tell
 The wonders of Immanuel?
 Yes, bless the Lord, we can arise and tell
 The wonders of Immanuel.
 He's been our captain, 'mid war's alarms,
 He fired our hearts with cry to arms;
 We took the field, and with waving palms
 Returned in peace triumphant.

CHORUS—All glory to the Lamb of God!
 Who purchased us with atoning blood;
 O wash our hearts in the purple flood,
 And fit our souls for glory.

Come landsmen, can't you arise and tell
 The wonders of Immanuel?
 Yes, bless the Lord, we can arise and tell
 The wonders of Immanuel.
 He's brought us out of the miry clay,
 He set our feet on the king's highway,
 And now we bow to his pleasing sway,
 And press to endless glory.

SOLDIERS' HYMN.

YE soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,
 Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms;
 O be not faint-hearted, though he roars like a flood,
 He'll not stand before the bright armies of God.
 CHORUS.—Glory be to Jesus, there's no friend like
 Jesus,
 Come with us, come with us,
 Come with us in love,
 Let's all march together, to heaven above.

To battle, to battle, the trumpets do sound,
 The watchmen are crying fair Zion around;
 The signal of victory, hark! hark! from the sky;
 Shout, shout, ye brave armies, the watchman all cry.

King Jesus is riding the white horse before.
 The watchman close after, the trumpets do roar,
 Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,
 In the strength of King Jesus, all hell we defy.

The angelic armies with Zion combine,
 In robes of bright glory eternally shine,
 All shouting and singing, on yon happy shore
 Where wars and commotions can reach them no
 more.

We'll join the bright harpers in anthems divine,
Whose crown with bright diamonds the sun does
outshine;
To the praise of King Jesus, we'll tune our harps then;
Salvation and glory to Jesus, amen.

AND THE HOUSE OF THE LORD SHALL BE FILLED.

AND the house of the Lord shall be filled
With glory, hallelujah,
With glory, hallelujah,
With glory, hallelujah, amen.

Let the preacher be filled with thy love,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

Let the members be filled with thy love,
Send the power.

Let the children be filled with thy love,
Send the power.

Let the penitents be filled with thy love,
Send the power.

Let backsliders be filled with thy love,
Send the power.

And the work of the Lord shall revive,
Send the power.

MERCY'S FREE.

By faith I see my Savior dying
On the tree, on the tree,
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.

He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,
Hark! hark! these precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he save my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my prophet, priest and king,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Jesus the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in his name believed,
'The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Jehovah still my soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through the wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And this shall be my song when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;

And when the vale of death I've passed,
And lodg'd above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

CHRIST THE ROCK.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrows and
care;

From the ends of the earth, to thee will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to God,
For he hath redeemed us with his own
precious blood.

When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die;
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

And when I shall close my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' righteousness let me appear;
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look on the rock that is higher than I.

And when the last trumpet shall sound through the
skies,

And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
As I soar in the air, to the angels I'll cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

And when I behold thee arrayed on thy throne,
I'll fall at thy feet and there cast my crown;
'The malice of Satan and men I'll defy,
When safe on the rock that is higher than I.

'Tis there I shall meet the dear ransomed flock,
Who on earth drank the streams that flow'd from this
 rock,
With millions I'll join above yonder sky,
To praise the dear rock that is higher than I.

PREACHER'S FAREWELL HYMN.

Tune—Mercy's Free.

My friends and hearers all adieu,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well;
I can no longer stay with you,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.
My Master calls, I must away,
In other parts to preach and pray,
And I the glorious call obey,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.

Brethren and sisters in the Lord,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well;
We oft have feasted on his word,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.
But now those blissful scenes are o'er,
And I may never see you more,
Till all the storms of life are o'er;
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.

Ye sinners and backsliders too,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.
I oft have wept and prayed for you,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.
But you my voice no more may hear,
Till Christ shall in the clouds appear,
And then you 'll meet your preacher there,
 Fare ye well, fare ye well.

Ye heralds of the dying God,
Fare ye well, fare ye well;
Still point poor sinners to the blood,
Fare ye well, fare ye well.
Go tell them Jesus died to save,
And snatch them from the gaping grave,
And you a sure reward shall have;
Fare ye well, fare ye well.

And you my little children dear,
Fare ye well, fare ye well;
May you at last in heaven appear,
Fare ye well, fare ye well;
And each receive a starry crown,
And on a dazzling throne sit down,
And claim a kingdom for your own;
Fare ye well, fare ye well.

Until we all arrive in heaven,
Fare ye well, fare ye well;
There friends asunder sha'n't be riven,
Fare ye well, fare ye well.
When landed on that happy shore,
We then shall say farewell no more,
There all our partings will be o'er.
Fare ye well, fare ye well.

JOHN STAMP.

COME, angels! seize your harps of gold,
The song of love to man unfold,
Assist our joys, exalt our praise,
Another sinner's sav'd by grace;
Glory! glory! let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring,
Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

A leper wash'd from every stain,
 Requires a higher, louder strain!
 The spirits stamp'd and seal'd within,
 The blood of Christ has cleans'd from sin;
 Satan feels his power is gone,
 He falls like lightning from his throne,
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

Come, let us sing, and pray, and praise,
 For soon this warring strife shall cease;
 When lost in love—o'erflow'd with God,
 With Christ we take our bless'd abode,
 Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,
 Hark! he comes! while myriads cry,
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

We little flock, by all condemn'd,
 O'erlooked, unknown, despised, condemn'd,
 With names traduc'd, and lives abhorred,
 We suffer with our murdered Lord;
 Yet still the flames ascend the higher,
 We'll burn triumphant in the fire:
 — Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

THE HEAVENLY SHOUT.

Tune—Glory! glory!

PRAY what's the reason, when you meet,
 You make so great a noise?
 Because the Lord comes in our hearts;
 And shall we not rejoice!

‘Rebuke them,” cry the pharisees;
 But Jesus turns about,
 And says, “If these should hold their peace,
 The stones would then cry out.

It matters not what men may say,
 Or call us here below;
 We mean to sing, and shout, and pray,
 Till we to glory go.

Tune—Will you come to the Bower?

Will you come to the banquet of Jesus's love?
 Your fare shall be glorious—sent down from above:

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the feast?

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the feast?

Will you walk along with me in the pleasant fields
 of grace?

Here's many a flower whose beauteous form has
 never met thy gaze;

Will you, &c.,
 Walk along with me?

Will you come to the fountain of Jesus's blood?
 'Twill wash away your guilty stains, and reconcile to
 God:

Will you, &c.,
 Try its virtue now?

Will you bathe in the river of everlasting life?
 Its stream will cool the feverish heat found in tempta-
 tion's strife:

Will you, &c.,
 Plunge into the flood?

Will you sail with me upon the sea—the ocean of
 God's love?

That breeze shall never change about which wafts
 our souls above:

Will you, &c.,
 Sail along with me?

Will you seek with me a country at present out of sight?

But from that world, upon our path, there shines a beam of light:

Will you, &c.,

Go to heaven with me?

SECOND PART.

Will you go to the concert of angels in light?

Their goden harps shall thrill thy soul with glorious delight:

Will you &c.,

Go to heaven with me?

Will you go along with me to the land of endless bliss?

The joys of *that* shall make amends for all the cares of *this*:

Will you, &c.,

Go to heaven with me?

Will you rest with me to-night on the pillow of God's peace?

From worldly toil, and vexing care, 'twill grant you sweet release:

Will you, &c.,

Give your heart to God?

Will you see with me the glorious Sun of Righteousness arise?

Its cheering beams shall wipe away those dew-drops from thine eyes:

Will you, &c.,

Trust in Jesus now?

Will you mount along with me in the chariot of fire?

Leave earth behind, and to eternal sunshine aspire?

Will you, &c.,

Mount along with me?

LOT'S WIFE. ·

How prone are professors to rest on their lees,
To study their profit, their pleasure and ease,
Tho' God says, Arise, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife!

Awake from your slumber, the warning believe;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message receive;
While dangers are pending, escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife!

The first bold apostate will attempt you to stay;
And tell you, no dangers are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife!

How many poor souls has the serpent beguiled!
With specious temptations how many defiled!
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife!

The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake, then, the world, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife!

But if you 're determined the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose;
For hell you shall part with the blessing of life,
And then, if not now, you 'll remember Lot's wife!

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Tune—Glory, glory, glory.

THE gospel ship—she is on sail;
Sing glory, Hallelujah,
And every day she does prevail, sing glory;
She has on board a happy crew,
And Jesus is our captain too,
We have the promised land in view, sing glory.

We 've many thousand souls on board, sing glory:
All well equipp'd with shield and sword, sing glory;
And, standing as a watch on guard,
To face our foes we are prepar'd
We are pressing for the great reward, sing glory.

Sometimes a boisterous sea comes on, sing glory,
But Jesus speaks, and soon it's gone, sing glory,
Come, see what Christ our Lord can do,
We 'll trust him all our passage through,
And with the promis'd land in view, sing glory.

Come, all you wanderers on the shore, sing glory,
There's room for you and thousands more, sing glory,
Forsake your sins and join the crew,
And then you will be happy too,
For you will have the prize in view, sing glory.

Some say we are a noisy crew, sing glory;
We shout for joy—oh yes, it's true, sing glory
Who can forbear, with all their might,
To praise and pray, both day and night,
With such a glorious prize in sight? sing glory.

Let every heart and every voice sing glory;
We are commanded to rejoice, sing glory;
And when we reach the happy shore,
Sorrow and sin shall be no more,
And then we shall for evermore sing glory.

HYMN FOR A REVIVAL.

Tune—Poor Mary Ann.

JESUS CHRIST is now amongst us,
Only believe.

He is here to bless and save us,
Only believe.

He is loving, kind, and gracious,
And his blood is efficacious;
Every soul may feel him precious,
Only believe.

Is there one that's seeking pardon?
Only believe.

Cast on him your heavy burden,
Only believe.

Let not Satan longer grieve you,
Nor the world and sin deceive you;
Christ the Lord will now receive you,
Only believe.

Is there one who has backslidden?
Only believe.

You have walked in paths forbidden,
Only believe.

Oh, how sinful thus to leave him,
Thus to slight, despise, and grieve him;
But again you may receive him,
Only believe.

Is there who wants sanctifying?

Only believe.

Jesus' blood is purifying.

Only believe.

Glory, honor, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever;

From all sins he does deliver,

Only believe.

LOOK TO 'THE CROSS.

Tune—Poor Mary Ann.

COME, poor guilty, anxious mourner,

Look to the cross;

Leave the proud, the gay, the scorner—

Look to the cross.

Lift an eye of faith to Jesus,

He from sin's hard bondage frees us,

When we grieve his grace can ease us;

Look to the cross.

Bow in humble prayer before him—

Look to the cross.

Now by hope and love adore him—

Look to the cross,

Let thy guilt no more distress thee,

Peace and pardon soon shall bless thee,

And the Savior's love carress thee;

Look to the cross.

Jesus waits to grant his favor,

Look to the cross;

He's an all sufficient Savior,

Look to the cross;

Though thy crimes reach high as heaven,
Thou 'gainst grace and truth hast striven,
Here the vilest are forgiven,
Look to the cross.

Dost thou feel thy spirit harden?
Look to the cross;
See repentance joined with pardon,
Look to the cross;
Hear what words of grace are spoken,
Love presents her highest token,
Gaze till thy hard heart is broken,
Look to the cross.

Wouldst thou hear thy Savior claim thee?
Look to the cross.
Wouldst thou feel his love inflame thee?
Look to the cross;
Hark! he speaks, but not in thunder,
Hear, O earth, let angels wonder,
"I have snapp'd thy chains asunder,
Look to my cross.

Thence flows full and free salvation,
Look to the cross;
Bought for all of every nation,
Look to the cross;
Life and joy for all the dying,
Come, 'tis offer'd without buying,
Dry thy tears and stay thy sighing,
Look to the cross.

JOHN STAMP.

SAILING TO GLORY.

WE'RE sailing to a better world,
Sing glory, hallelujah;
Our every sail is now unfurled,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

Our Jesus does the vessel steer,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
The heavenly port we 're drawing near,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

Our ship's the vessel of free grace,
Sing glory, hallelujah;
The heavenly port's our landing place,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

The prophets in this ship went home
Sing glory, hallelujah;
But still a guilty world may come,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

Apostles, martyrs, Wesley, too,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
The heavenly Pilot steered them through,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

And bless the Lord I 've got on board,
Sing glory, hallelujah;
My compass is God's holy word,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

And when the heavenly port we gain,
Sing glory, hallelujah,
We 'll sing the Lamb for sinners slain,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

CHORUS—They say we are a noisy crew;
But that's not all, we're happy too.

JOHN STAMP.

THE CROSS.

Tune—Will you go?

THE Savior laid his crown aside,
For the cross,
And there for all the world he died,
On the cross;
His cheeks were smote, his flesh was torn,
His sacred temples felt the thorn,
While heaven and earth in darkness mourn,
Round the cross.

Our sins were all upon him laid,
On the cross;
For all he hath atonement made,
On the cross;
His pierced feet, his hands and side,
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,
Life's cleansing fount was open'd wide,
On the cross.

Ten thousand foes did him surround,
On the cross;
But lo! he did them all confound,
On the cross;
His heavenly Father veil'd his face,
While devils throng'd the sacred place;
Still he redeem'd our fallen race,
On the cross.

Oh! haste, my sou., and see him die,
On the cross,
Hark! hear that last expiring cry,
On the cross.

He says, I suffer'd this for thee,
 Approach in faith the blood-stain'd tree,
 And thou shalt my salvation see;
 On the cross.

Oh, come, poor sinner, come with me,
 To the cross
 There's blood-bought pardon flowing free,
 From the cross;
 He waits to wash your sins away,
 Arise! this is the gospel day;
 Make haste, poor sinner come away,
 To the cross.

When foes assail, oh, may I fly,
 To the cross;
 When strength shall fail, oh, let me die,
 Near the cross;
 And when I reach fair Salem's plain,
 And join you high and dazzling train,
 I'll sing the Lamb for sinners slain,
 On the cross. JOHN STAMP.

WHAT'S THE NEWS!

Tune—Mercy's Free.

WHENE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news?
 Pray what's the order of the day?
 What's the news?
 Oh, I have good news to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well,
 He's triumph'd over death and hell;
 That's the news.

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
To set a world of sinners free;
For us he bow'd his sacred head,
For us his precious blood was shed,
And he is risen from the dead;
That's the news.

To heaven again the Conqu'ror's gone,
He's seated now upon his throne;
Upon that throne he will remain
Until, as judge, he comes again,
Attended by his dazzling train;
That's the news.

His work's reviving all around,
And many have Messiah found;
And since, their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosannah to his name,
And all around they spread his fame;
That's the news.

The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
I feel the witness now within;
And since he took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and pray
I'm happy now from day to day;
That's the news.

And Jesus Christ can save you too,
Your sinful heart he can renew—
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you 'll receive;
That's the news.

And then, if any one should say,
What's the news?
Oh, tell them you 've began to pray,
That's the news;

That you have join'd the conquering band
And now, at God's divine command,
You 're marching to the better land;
That's the news.

HOSANNAH.

SEE, Israel in the wilderness,
Where fed by heavenly manna,
And souls, through Jesus righteousness,
Delight to sing Hosannah.
O glorious theme, redemption's scheme,
That made us sing Hosannah,
Our rapture seemed a heavenly dream,
When first we sang Hosannah.

All round the camp each night it fell,
And Israel call it manna,
But Jesus saves our souls from hell,
And we must sing Hosannah.
Here's living bread, here's living bread,
In Christ, O sing Hosannah;
For us he groaned, for us he bled,
Ye ransomed, sing Hosannah.

From heaven descending, down it came,
Each tent was filled with manna;
All glory to the precious name,
Of Christ, come sing Hosannah.
The bread of God, the bread of God,
Is Christ, then sing Hosannah;
Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood,
We'll praise and shout Hosannah.

Each day the host were well supplied,
Double for Sabbath manna;

Thus Christ for us was crucified,
Sing twice as much Hosannah.
On Lord's day sing, on Lord's day sing,
To Jesus loud Hosannah;
Praise Him, our soul's redemption king,
In Zion Sing Hosannah.

SECOND PART.

Men, women, children, gathered food,
And forty years ate manna;
But Jesus gave his flesh and blood
To feed our souls, Hosannah.
Lord evermore, Lord evermore,
Give us this bread, Hosannah.
Immanuel our souls adore,
On him we'll live, Hosannah.

The doors of heaven opened wide,
He rained down corn as manna;
A soldier pierced the Savior's side,
Redemption flowed, Hosannah.
Water and blood, water and blood,
To save and cleanse, Hosannah;
This fountain rolls a crimson flood,
Here wash my soul, Hosannah.

Humble and tried for forty years,
He fed them still with manna;
But Jesus poured strong cries and tears,
To save from hell, Hosannah;
'Tis angels' food, 'tis angels' food,
To sing his love, Hosannah;
But we can sing of precious blood,
Much more than they Hosannah.

When Israel conquered Canaan's land,
They ceased to gather manna;
But when we reach our golden strand,
We 'll never cease, Hosannah.
Eternally, eternally,
We 'll sing and praise, Hosannah,
With saints and angels gloriously,
We' ll chant the song, Hosannah.

THIRD PART.

The ark within the veil contained
Their golden pot of manna;
But Christ being come, has glory gained
Our great high priest, Hosannah.
The holy place, the holy place,
He entered in, Hosannah;
Redemption and eternal grace
Is food for us, Hosannah.

Our fathers in the wilderness
Are dead, who lived on manna;
But Jesus' blood and righteousness
Give endless life, Hosannah.
His flesh and blood, his flesh and blood
Is meat and drink, Hosannah;
May this be all our daily food,
Through faith and hope, Hosannah.

"To him that overcomes," he said,
"I'll give this hidden manna,"
Give us, O Lord, this daily bread,
To strengthen us, hosannah.
Victorious, victorious,
We 'll never die, Hosannah:
But live for ever glorious,
On Christ, and sing Hosannah.

The multitude rejoiced and sang,
On Salem's road, Hosannah;
All glory in the highest, rang
For Christ our heavenly manna.
Immediately the stones would cry,
Did we not sing Hosannah;
Then lift your hearts and souls on high,
And join to sing Hosannah.

FOURTH PART.

The children in the temple cried,
To David's son, Hosannah;
Chief priests and scribes the song deride,
Shall children sing Hosannah?
Suckling and babes, suckling and babes,
Shall perfect praise, Hosannah;
To still the foe, souls overflow,
And chant and sing Hosannah.

Behold in heaven a glorious throne,
There's Christ our glorious manna,
Like jasper and a sardine stone,
With rainbow truth, Hosannah.
Like emerald, an evergreen
Encircled round, Hosannah;
His covenant of grace is seen,
Brilliant and sure, Hosannah.

By faith enlisted, now I'll sing,
My ration is this manna;
A good soldier of Christ, my king,
Oh, I would sing Hosannah.
Brave soldier like, brave soldier like,
I'll serve for daily manna;
His royal standard never strike
It waves on high, Hosannah.

If you reach home before I do,
With saints to sing Hosannah,
Tell them, by grace, I 'm coming too,
To sing, with them, Hosannah.
Farewell to sin, I 'll mount and sing,
Victorious, Hosannah,
I 'll conquer all through Christ, my king,
For ever sing Hosannah.

BABYLON'S FALLEN.

HAIL the day, so long expected,
Hail the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And the watchmen live in peace.
From the distant courts of Zion,
The shrill trumpets loudly roar,
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

Hark, and hear the people crying,
See the city disappear,
Trade and traffic all is dying,
Lo they sing to rise no more;
Merchant who have bought her traffic,
Crying, from a distant shore,
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

All her merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that's come to pass?
Murmuring like some distant thunder,
Crying, Oh! alas! alas!
Swell the sounds, ye kings and nobles
Priests and people, rich and poor.
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen,
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

Lo! her captains are returning,
 Up to Zion see them fly;
 While the heavenly host, rejoicing,
 Shout and echo through the sky.
 See the ancients of the city
 Terrified at the uproar;
 Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—
 Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

Tune your harps, ye heavenly choir,
 Shout, ye followers of the Lamb;
 See the city all on fire,
 Clap your hands and blow the flame,
 Now's the day of compensation,
 Hope and mercy now is o'er;
 Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—
 Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

Tune—Holy War.

WHAT wondrous love is this?
 O my soul, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul?
 What wondrous love is this?
 Which caused the Lord of bliss,
 To bear the dreadful curse,
 For my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking
 down,
 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down,
 Beneath God's awful frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown
 For my soul.

When I began to pray for my soul, for my soul,
 When I began to pray for my soul,
 When I began to pray,
 Thus the word of God did say,
 Christ is the truth and the way,
 For thy soul.

He shed his heavenly light in my soul, in my soul,
 He shed his heavenly light in my soul,
 He shed his heavenly light,
 To disperse the gloom of night,
 Now it shines with radiance bright,
 In my soul.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

THERE is a better world on high;
 Will you go?
 Far, far above this lower sky;
 Will you go?
 Where blissful spirits rob'd in white,
 And angels cloth'd in garments bright,
 In songs of rapt'rous joy unite.
 Will you go?

There brilliant walls, like diamonds shine;
 Will you go?
 Inlaid with gems of tints divine;
 Will you go?
 Resplendent gates of pearl oppose
 All entrance unto Zion's foes,
 And safe its golden streets enclose,
 Will you go?

There light, and love, and glory dwell;
 Will you go?
 Unknown are sin, and death and hell;
 Will you go?

Nor even there the heaving sigh;
The dew-drop, from the tearful eye;
The aching heart, or mourner's cry;
Will you go?

There Jesus reigns in glorious state;
Will you go?
Ten thousand thousands round him wait;
Will you go?
Cherubic legions wake the song,
Seraphic hosts the theme prolong
Which fills each ransom'd sinner's tongue;
Will you go?

All heaven resounds with noblest praise;
Will you go?
All hearts pour forth their sweetest lays;
Will you go?
Jesus, "the Lamb once slain," they sing;
To him their greatful tribute bring,
And bless their Savior and their King;
Will you go?

Come! let us seek this better land;
Will you go?
Come! let us join this heav'nly band;
Will you go?
O'er sin, and sense, and Satan prove
Victorious through Jesus' sov'reign love;
Then rise to swell the choir above;
Will you go?

GOD IS LOVE.

Tune—Will you go?

WHAT sound is this thro' heaven resounding—God is love;
From earth I hear the song rebounding—God is love.
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture eries the same—God is love.

This song repeat, ye saints in glory—God is love;
And saints on earth, shout back the story—God is love;
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be—God is love.

Creation's thousand tongues proclaiming—God is love?
And providence unites, exclaiming—God is love;
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The gospel sounding, loud and clear,
To every soul, both far and near—God is love.

This heavenly love all round is flowing—God is love;
And in my heart the fire is glowing—God is love;
That "God is love," I know full well,
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell—God is love.

The love of God is now my pleasure—God is love;
This, only this, shall be my treasure—God is love;
This theme shall be my song below,
And when I home to glory go,
This strain eternally shall flow—God is love.

WILL YOU GO?

Tune—"What's the News?"

WE are traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?

To sing the Savior's dying love;
Will you go?

Millions have reach'd that happy shore,
Their toils and sufferings now are o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more;
Will you go?

We are going to walk the plains of light,
Will you go?
To where there's neither death nor night;
Will you go?

The crown of light we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share,
Will you go?

We are going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name;
Will you go?

Our sun will there no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning will be gone;
Will you go?

The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Will you go?

Make up your minds, give God your heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start;
 Will you go?

The way to heaven is strait and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again;
 Will you go?

The Savior cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see,"
 Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go?
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go;
 My old companions, fare ye well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
 Let me go. R. JUKES.

SECOND PART.

Yes, by the help of Jesus' grace,
 I will go!
 I'll travel to the heavenly place,
 I will go!
 My new companions are so kind,
 I'll leave the world and sin behind.
 With them the promis'd rest to find.
 I will go!

I feel I'm on the road to heaven,
 Let me go!
 I know my sins are all forgiven,
 Let me go!

God's people they shall be my choice,
I hear my Shepherd's cheering voice,
Which makes my very soul rejoice!
Let me go.

My soul is bound for endless bliss,
Let me go!

What hath the world to equal this?
Let me go!

My vain amusements all adieu,
My soul has had enough of you;
My father's house appears in view;
Let me go.

Some of our friends have cross'd the flood,
Let me go!
They've joined yon army, bought with blood,
Let me go!
They now are looking out for me,
Bearing their palms of victory,
And I shall them in glory see;
Let me go.

I soon shall wear my starry crown,
Let me go!
And on my father's throne sit down,
Let me go!
My race on earth is nearly run,
The battle it is nearly won,
My Savior smiles, and says, "Well done!"
Let me go.

Hark! hark! my Master calls me home,
Let me go!
Ten thousand angels bid me come,
Let me go;

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
The vale of death I'm marching through,
And when you come I'll welcome you;
Let me go!

JOHN STAMP.

THE OLD SHIP OF ZION—NEGRO HYMN.

Tune—Cliff.

CAN you tell me what ship is a going for to sail?
Oh, glory, hallelujah.

Yes, the old ship of Zion.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me what is her captain's name?
King Jesus is her captain.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me what rules they have on board?
Oh, it is loving one another.
Hallelujah.

Do you think she is well built? and her timbers, are
they strong?
Why she's built of gospel timber.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me what cargo she has on board?
Yes, she is full of happy Christians.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me the port to which she is bound?
She is bound for the port of glory.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me the fare that her passengers must
pay?

Oh, the king has paid the passage.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me the flag that is flying at her mast?

Oh, it is the bleeding Lamb.
Hallelujah.

Do you think she'll be able to land her crew?

Oh, she has landed many a thousand.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me what is her compass and chart?

God's word and Holy Spirit.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me how long she has sail'd life's sea?

Nearly six thousand ages.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell who will steer through the harbor of
death?

Oh, the Savior is the pilot.
Hallelujah.

Let the wind blow high, or the wind blow low,

'Tis a pleasant sail to Canaan.
Hallelujah.

Can you find us a place if we come on board?

Oh, we 've room for countless millions.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me if this ship any pirates ever meets?

Oh, she 's met and routed hundreds.
Hallelujah.

Can you tell me if her sailors will get their bounty
money?

Yes, an everlasting pension.

Hallelujah.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

Tune—The Lord of Sunderland.

I've launched my bark for glory, and left the world
behind,

Determin'd for the harbor that's out of sight to find;
I've left my worldly pleasure, likewise my worldly
fame,

I've left my old companions, and with them my good
name.

CHORUS.—Sing glory, hallelujah, O glory, hallelujah.

My sins are all forgiv'n, which did as mountains rise.
My title's clear for heaven, yon country in the skies;
God's saints are my companions, I'm bound for end-
less day,

And though the storms are raging, I'll sail along the
way.

I'm now a Christian sailor, one of the noisy crew;
I shout when I am happy, and that I mean to do;
Some say I am too noisy, I know the reason why,
And if they felt the glory, they'd shout as well as I.

They sing and shout in heaven, it is their heart's de-
light,

I shout when I am happy, and that with all my might;
I've Jesus Christ within me, he's turned the devil out,
And when I feel the glory, it makes me sing and
shout.

I'll sail o'er life's rough ocean, with glory's port
 view;
 And Calvary's royal Pilot will steer the vessel through;
 The flag of victory's hoisted though war ships they
 are nigh,
 I stand beside my Captain and every foe defy
 The port of glory's open, my Master calls me home,
 To walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem;
 I'll shout o'er death's dark river; but when I join the
 throng,
 For ever and forever I'll roll the theme along.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despis'd forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hop'd or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world dispise and leave me;
 They have left my Savior too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor loss is gain;
 Go then, earthly fame and treasure.
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain;

I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me,
O! 'twere not in joy to charin me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what spirit dwells within thee!
Think what Father's smiles are thine!
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heav'n! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heaven's eternal joy's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days—
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Like a ship, see the Church, through the ocean she
rolls,
She's freighted with grace, and well mann'd out with
souls!

'Midst whirlwinds and tempests, she sails through the
world,
While storms of temptation against her are lurl'd.

She's bound from the world, through the tempest she
flies,
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound for the skies;
While Christ stands at the helm, no danger she'll
fear;
Her captain and pilot knows which way to steer.

She stops not to anchor in harbors below,
But o'er life's rough billows her true course doth go;
The highlands of heaven she still keeps in view,
Intends there to anchor, and there land her crew.

While hell and its legions around her do roar,
Like waves of the ocean, that break on the shore,
She steers her course onward, nor feels she alarm,
With Christ in the vessel, she smiles at the storm.

The ebb tide of nature, which feeds the dead sea,
And the gulf of confusion, do both agree,
To hinder her progress, her march to oppose,
But spreads forth canvass and outsails her foes.

She's hated by worldlings, despis'd by fools
Who sail the black sea, till they shipwreck their souls;
She kindly invites them, their course to bewail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

She's rapidly sailing, with strong gales of love;
Will soon strike soundings on the fair coast above;
Make the highlands of heaven, and enter the road,
And anchor forever, in the Kingdom of God.

Soon will our suff'ring time be o'er,
When we shall weep and sigh no more.

CHORUS—Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on,
And let these poor pilgrims go home, go
home!

Jesus himself shall guide our way,
'Till safe we rest in endless day.

A few more rolling years at most,
Will land us safe on Canaan's coast.

From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
Our Jesus will call home the just.

Our ransom'd souls shall soar away,
To praise our God in endless day.

When landed on the heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

And when we Christ in glory meet,
Our thrilling hopes will be complete.

Then shall we sing the song of grace,
Safe in our glorious hiding place.

Each soul shall feel what glories shine
In our Immanuel all divine.

Fill'd with his light, and life and joy
Praise shall our ev'ry hour employ.

A poor wayfaring man of grief,
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had no pow'r to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came,
Yet, there was something in his eye,
That won my love I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd, not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all, he bless'd and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then!
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran and rais'd the sufferer up—
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more!

'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wint'ry hurricane aloof,
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest:
Then made the earth, my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side;
 I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied,
 Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd—
 I had myself a wound conceal'd—
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In pris'n I saw him next condemn'd
 'To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
 And honor'd him 'mid shame and scorn;
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He ask'd if I for him would die!
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then, in a moment, to my view,
 The stranger started from disguise—
 The tokens in his hands I knew—
 My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he named—
 "Of me thou hast not been asham'd;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,
 Fear not, thou didst it unto me!"

TREMENDOUS TRUTH.

Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire,
 Hell soon would lose its heat could sin expire;
 Better sinless in hell, than to be where
 Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there.
 One sinless, with infernals might do well,
 But sin would make of heaven a very hell.
 Look to thyself and keep it out of door,
 Lest it get in and never leave thee more,

No match has sin but God in all the world,
 Men, angels has it from their station hurled,
 Holds them in chains as captives, in despite
 Of all that here below is called might,
 Release, help, freedom from it none can give,
 But even he by whom we breathe and live.
 Watch, therefore, keep this giant out of door,
 Lest if once in, thou get him out no more.

Fools make a mock at sin, will not believe
 It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
 How can it be, say they, that such a thing,
 So full of sweetness e'er should wear a sting,
 They know not that it is the very spell
 Of sin to make men laugh themselves to hell.
 Look to thyself, then, deal with sin no more,
 Lest he that saves, against thee shut the door.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Behold his arms extended wide
 On the cross, on the cross;
 Behold his bleeding hands and side,
 On the cross, &c.
 The sun withholds its rays of light,
 The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
 While Jesus, doth with devils fight,
 On the cross, &c.
 Come sinner, see him lifted up
 On the cross, &c.
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,
 On the cross, &c.
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make
 While Jesus suffers for our sake.
 On the cross, on the cross.

And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross., &c
The battle's fought, the vict'ry won,
On the cross, &c.
To heaven He turns his languid eyes,
" 'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies
On the cross, on the cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross,
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
In time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross.
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Then let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumph through the land
Of the cross, of the cross.

Tune—Lov'd ones at home.

FAR over Jordan's rolling river,
Eternal day;
There's where our eyes are turning ever,
There's where the angels stay.
All through this vale of sin and sorrow,
Patient we roam,
Still trusting for that happy morrow
Bright in our Father's home.

CHORUS—All our heavy load sits lighter
Every storm we bide,
Oh, brothers, how the way grows brighter,
Near to the Savior's side.

Far from his tender arms benighted
Dark was our way,
Still every precious promise slighted
Where could the spirit stay?
Down at the foot of Calvary's mountains,
Pilgrims we come,
There may we in that purple fountain
Wash in our Father's home.
All our heavy load, &c.

One lovely form among the sainted,
Heaven within,
Stands on our vision ever painted,
Stretched on the cross for sin;
When shall we hear his voice commanding,
Come higher, come;
When in his golden courts, be standing
With our belov'd ones at home.
All our heavy load, &c.

O CHRISTIAN! will you go with me?
I'm bound for Canaan's land to see!

For I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more! [Repeat.]

Our Jesus on the Cross did die,
And then he went to reign on high.

Our Jesus said, poor sinner, come,
And from my side no longer roam.

The heavenly doors wide open stand,
Up yonder in my Father's land.

I'll never leave the union band
Until I reach that happy land.

I do believe, without a doubt,
That Christians have a right to shout.

THERE IS A FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

THERE is a friend above all others,

Oh, how he loves!

It is a love beyond a brother's,

Oh! how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,

This day kind, the next bereave us,

But this friend will ne'er deceive us;

Oh, how he loves.

Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him?

Oh, how he loves!

Give thyself, e'en this day to him;

Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,

Unbelief and trials tease thee?

Jesus can from all release thee;

Oh, how he loves!

Love this friend who longs to save thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Dost thou love; he will not leave thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Think no more then of to morrow,

Take his easy yoke and follow,

Jesus carries all thy sorrow;

Oh, how he loves.

All thy sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy fears be driven;
 Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he 'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
 Oh, how he loves.

Pause, my soul adore and wonder,
 Oh, how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder;
 Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt nor fear nor tribulation
Can bereave us of salvation,
 Oh, how he loves.

Let us still this love be viewing,
 Oh, how he loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
 Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our our song forever,
 Oh, how he loves.

LET me me go my soul is weary,
Of the chains which binds it here,
Let my spirit bend its pinions
To a brighter holier sphere.
Earth 'tis true has friends who bless me,
With a fond and faithful love;
But the arms of angels beckon
Me to brighter worlds above.

Let me go, my soul has tasted
Of my Savior's wondrous grace,
Let me go where I shall ever
See and know him face to face,
Let me go the trees of heaven,
Rise before me waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters,
Flash upon my feeble sight.

Let me go for earth hath sorrows,
Sin and pain and bitter tears,
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are wrought with fears,
Short, lived are its cherished flowers,
Soon its brightest flowers decay,
Let me go I fain would leave it,
For the realms of cloudless day,

Let me go for song seraphic,
Now seem calling from the skies,
'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Which to me seem hovering nigh;
Let me go they wait to bear me,
'To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit worn and weary,
Finds at last its long-sought rest.

I've heard of a country o'er London it lies,
Where the finally faithful forever repose,
Where the wayworn and weary from labors shall
cease,
And joys all immortal forever increase.

Tis said in that country no sorrow e'er reigns,
No bosom with grief heaves and felt are no pains,

No tears ever shed there, or e'er heard a grown,
A land of great plenty where wants are unknown.

This side of a river we've much to endure,
Our conflicts are many our lives insecure,
But glory to Jesus our captain and king,
Has promised the faithful to glory he'll bring.

By faith I look over the river and see,
There are friends on that shore that are dear unto me,
They seem to say come you have nothing to fear,
Your trials are over when once anchored here.

You have friends in that country most dear to your
heart.
Do you not want to meet them where friends never
part?
Then start in a moment no longer delay,
While you stop to consider the night ends the day.

There's Wesley immortal has long since passed o'er,
And the king of that land welcomes him to that shore,
O hear him exclaim as he lisps a farewell,
God is with me, I am going to glory to dwell.

Here's Whitfield and Fletcher, passed o'er in advance,
And Abbott and Nelson looked out for a chance.
Of late A. Makindred has outrode the swell,
While the sound's wafted back on the breeze, All is
well.

I too have a mind to embark for that shore,
If when I once anchor my perils are o'er,
So fare you well neighbors and kindreds adieu,
I'm board old ship Zion and sail with her crew.

FIELD OF BATTLE.

Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle cry,
Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you.

Chorus.

Once our fathers freedom cried,
Victory or death betide.
But with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too.

Chorus.

There to die, the battle won,
There to feel the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Than our promised due

Chorus.

Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high,
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through.

Chorus.

Christ our captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host,
Fall we then each at his post;
Fall as Christians do.

Chorus

COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.

Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet loudly still proclaims,
The world must come and hear her doom,
The separation now is come.

Behold the righteous marching home,
The angels smile and bid them come,
While Christ the judge their joy proclaims,
Here comes my saints, I own their names.

Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride,
Ye harps of heaven sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshine,
While saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

Then stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.

“TRUST IN GOD AND PERSEVERE.”

BROTHER, is life's morning clouded?
 Has the sun-light ceased to shine?
 Is the earth in darkness shrouded?
 Would'st thou at thy lot repine?
 Cheer up, brother!—let thy vision
 Look above—see! light is near:
 Soon will come the next transition—
 “Trust in God and persevere!”

Brother, has life's hope receded?
 Hast thou sought its joys in vain?
 Friends proved false when mostly needed,
 Foes rejoicing at thy pain?
 Cheer up, brother!—there's a blessing
 Waiting for thee—never fear;
 Foes forgiving, sins confessing,
 “Trust in God and persevere!”

Brother, all things round are calling,
 With united voice—“Be strong!”
 Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
 They must lose their strength, ere long,
 Yes, my brother, though life's troubles,
 Drive thee near to dark despair,
 Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble—
 “Trust in God and persevere!”

He, From his high throne in heaven,
 Watches every step you take;
 He will see each fetter riven,
 Which your foes in anger make;
 Cheer up, brother—he has power
 To dry up the bitter tear;
 And though darkest tempest lower,
 “Trust in God and persevere!”

Brother, there's a quiet slumber
Waiting for thee in the grave;
Brother, there's a glorious number,
Christ in mercy deigns to save,
Wait then, till life's quiet even,
Closes round thee, calm and clear;
And, till called from earth to heaven,
"Trust in God and persevere!"

THE MERCY SEAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

FOR VICTORIOUS FAITH.

O For a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink,
Of any earthly wo:—

That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

SEEKING REST FOR THE SOUL.

O'ER mountain and hill I wandered alone,
Alone in the valley, far distant from home;
Alone in the valley my soul sought for rest,
The dew it was falling, all nature was bless'd.

I asked the forest, the oak and the pine;
'These all were beautiful, majestic, sublime,
I asked the Lilly, the violet, the rose.
But could not find place for my soul to repose.

I asked the ocean, a voice from the waves,
It spake of its powers, no one there to save,
I asked the planets, both Venus and Mars,
The sun and the moon, and the rest of the stars.

These spake of their brightness, 'twas always the
same,
They told of their maker, I asked his name;
His name it was Jesus, in him there is rest,
All people, all nations, in him they are bless'd.

I sought then to find him, but could not tell where;
I thought of the garden, that once happy pair,
In the garden of Eden, I then did inquire,
The promise was given, but he was not there.

I asked the patriarchs, they told of his day,
I asked the prophets, they showed me the way,
I asked the shepherds, they told of his birth,
Old Simeon and Anna, they witnessed the truth.

I then sought to find him, but no trace could I find,
At length I was told he was healing the blind;
I was wounded, was bruised, was sick and was sore,
I sought then to find him, but cared for no more.

My soul took new courage, a thought struck my
mind;

My Jesus, my Savior, I now soon shall find,
I said I shall find him, and I will tell you how,
I'll follow to Calvary, to that rugged brow.

There was one there who told me, your time will
be lost,

He is dead, he is dead, he died on the cross,
He is dead, he is buried, he lies in the grave,
There is no one to pity, there is no one to save.

I stood, and I wept, then I wiped off the tears,
I looked, and behold, my Savior was near,
He smiled, and he told me, to me then he said,
I have risen, I've risen, I rose from the dead.

He showed me his hands, his feet, and his side;
He smiled, and he told me for you I have died;
I died to redeem you, I saw it was best,
I then shouted glory, my soul was at rest.

I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of life, light, and love,
I'm now on my journey to the land of my rest,
I soon shall see Jesus, and reign with the bless'd.

LEWIS J. COOPER.

A LITTLE longer here below,
Glory, glory, glory,
And home to glory we shall go,
And give to Jesus glory.

I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go to glory,
The reason why I want to go
To give to Jesus glory!

There's so many trials here below,
They say there's none in glory.

And when we stand on that blest shore,
Glory, glory, glory,
We'll shout the praises evermore,
And give to Jesus glory.

PERSEVERENCE OF THE SAINTS.

Oh! don't turn back, preachers, don't turn back,
There's a starry crown in Heaven for you, if you
don't turn back.

Repeat.

Oh! don't turn back, brothers, don't turn back,
There's a golden harp, in Heaven, for you, if you
don't turn back.

Repeat.

Oh! don't turn back, sisters, don't turn back,
There's a long white robe, in Heaven for you, if you
don't turn back.

Repeat.

Oh! don't turn back, classmates, don't turn back,
There's palms of vict'ry in Heaven for you, if you
don't turn back.

Repeat.

Oh! don't turn back, children, don't turn back,
There's golden slippers in Heaven for you, if you
don't turn back.

Repeat.

Oh! don't turn back, fathers, don't turn back,
There's eternal life in Heaven for you, if you don't
turn back.

Repeat.

A SONG FROM REVELATION.

The book of Revelation
God hath to us revealed;
The mystery of salvation,
In the book of seven seals.

CHORUS—O, look away, look away, look away to
Bethlehem,
My Lord, look away, look away to Bethle-
hem.

And to the church in general,
This mystery is sent,
And teaches every nation,
That they must all repent.
O look away.

The way this book was opened,
John plainly doth inform;
The Law of God was broken,
A Savior must be born.
O look away.

For justice hath a legal claim,
On what the law demands;
Unless a Savior is ordained,
The criminal must be damned.
O look away.

There was a search in Heaven,
And in the earth around,
John stood in sorrow, hoping,
A Savior might be found.
O look away.

And while John stood a weeping,
He heard an elder say,
The voice; it was beseeching
For him to look that way.
O look away.

He looked towards the bright throne,
His looking did not fail,
He saw the lovely Lamb of God,
Who surely did prevail.
O look away.

Who took the book from his Father's hand,
And opened every seal,
And gave stern justice his demand;
His people he'll redeem.
O look away.

And when he took his mission,
Like thunder it was heard,
To better man's condition,
In Bethlehem appeared.
O look away.

John saw the Heavens open,
The conquerer riding down,
He looked, and Lo, white horses,
And riders following on.
O look away.

If you want to know the Conquerer's name
It is the word of God,
His eye is like a burning flame,
He is the Lord of Lords.
O look away.

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